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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVIII No. 2065 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — AUGUST 19 1939

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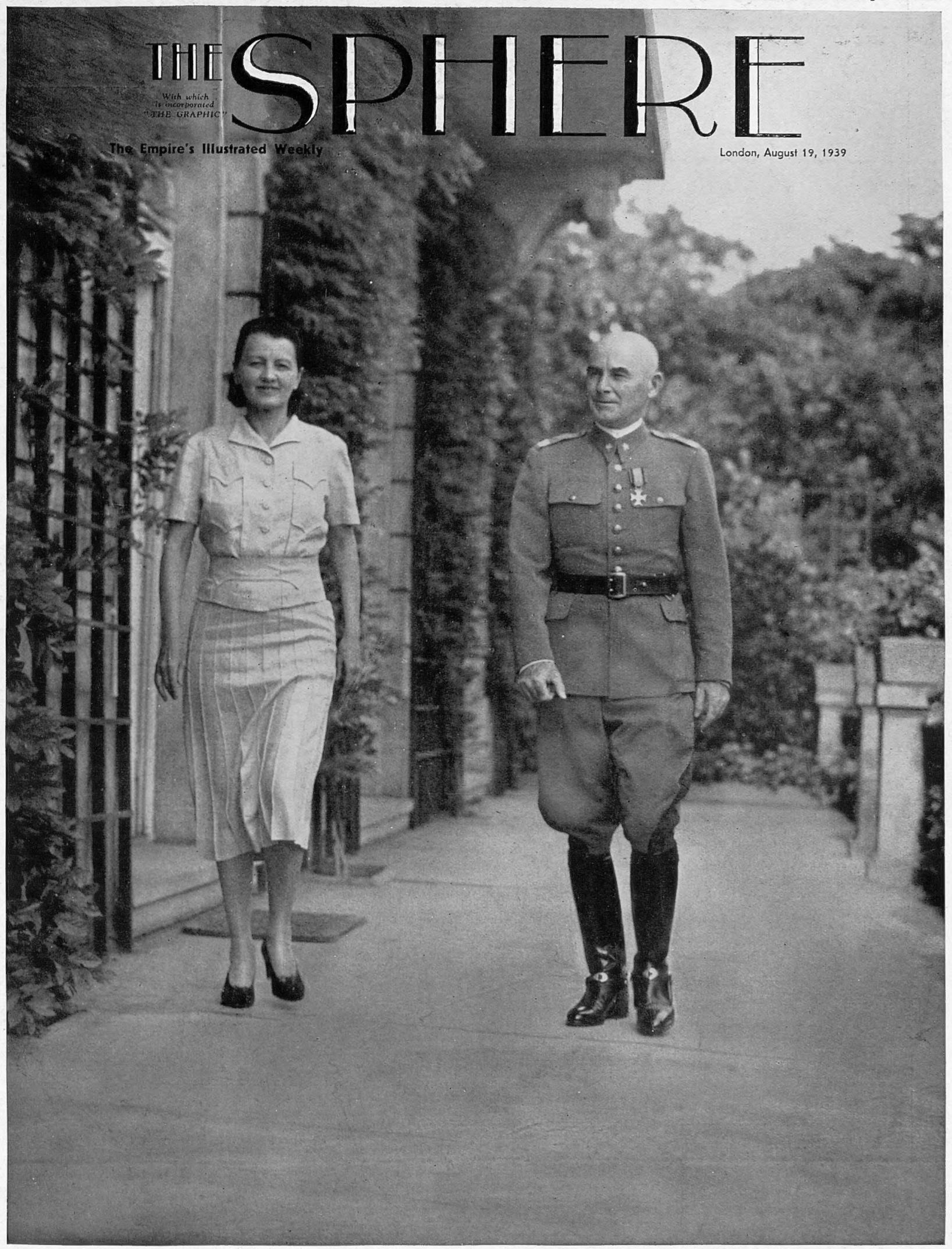
London, August 19, 1939



STRONG MAN OF POLAND

Marshal Smigly-Rydz and His Wife in the Garden of Their Unpretentious Warsaw Home

"We respect and value peace as other nations do, but there is no power that can convince us that the word 'peace' for some means 'take' and for others 'give.' We have aggressive intentions towards no one—about this there is no doubt—and there can also be no doubt that we shall repel by all means at our disposal every attempt, whether direct or indirect, to damage or violate the interests, rights, or dignity of our State." In these firm, dignified words Marshal Smigly-Rydz, Poland's national leader and wearer of the mantle of Pilsudski, recently addressed his legionaries at Cracow, thus once again expressing the spirit of determination with which he is animating the whole nation in its days of preparedness. Marshal Smigly-Rydz is a remarkable character. His Warsaw home, in a quiet, secluded street, consists of a flat in an unpretentious three-storeyed house with nothing to indicate that here lives the chief of the Polish forces. As one of the first men in the land, whose efforts helped to bring modern Poland into being, the Marshal might live in any of Warsaw's fine old palaces, but, instead, he infinitely prefers simplicity. His wife, a tall, slim, distinguished figure, shares this taste to the full, and the pleasant rose garden, on to which their flat faces, is the entire work of her own hands. Every morning the Marshal rides out towards Wilanow before beginning his day's work, and when he has leisure enough he likes to read French, German, and Polish works on philosophy and history

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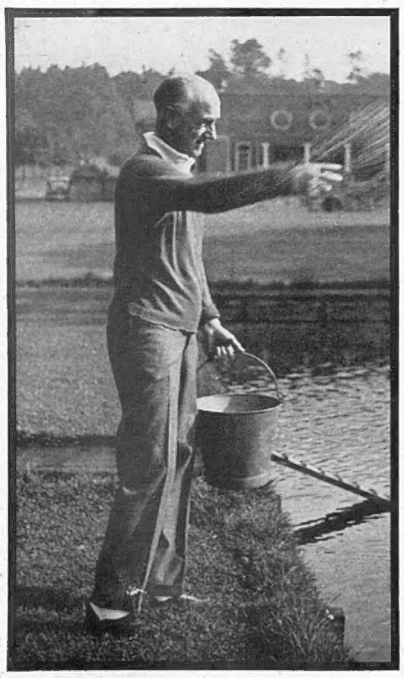
THE SUN SMILED ON AUGUST 12, and the grouse season accordingly opened in cheerful style. One of the many big parties for the great occasion was that organised by the Duke of Buccleuch, who numbered among his guests Prince Frederick of Prussia (left), grandson of the ex-Kaiser, and Captain Euan Wallace (second from right), the Minister of Transport, who are seen walking to the third beat during the shoot over the moors at Wanlockhead, Dumfriesshire

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4

Wednesday, August 16, 1939.

DANZIG.—No doubt Danzig is a political problem of first magnitude and questionable permanent solution, quite apart from its adventitious position to-day as a storm centre and a handle for Nazi propaganda and for pursuing the war of nerves. As Sir Evelyn Wrench said in *The Times* last week, in 1927 the German point of view *vis-à-vis* Danzig had the widest sympathy. It was an obviously German city isolated from the Reich. Its inhabitants then seemed well disposed towards Poland, and looked to Poland for much of their industrial prosperity. What problems and disputes existed were not then apparently incapable of solution at the conference table. To-day the Free City reveals everywhere the "outward emblems" of Nazi military power and propaganda. To what extent have the military preparations and the tone of the German press as regards the Danzig question altered the sane world's judgment of ideal justice as regards the Free City? Less apparently than has the lesson of Czechoslovakia. A country *can* exist without an outlet to the sea just so long as the facilities offered by its seaboard neighbours for its export trade are sure, permanent and dependable. The moment the good and peaceful intentions of its seaboard neighbours become suspect that country is doomed without a safe seaport of its own. The return of Danzig to the Reich implies within the briefest lapse of time a Danzig fortified with German guns which could any day make a ruin of Gdynia. Gdynia is to-day a great modern Polish port, the work of seventeen years of intensive labour. If Danzig goes to Germany, Gdynia is at the mercy of Danzig, and Poland might any day be without access to the sea. Reasoning thus, Sir Evelyn argues that Poland could not to-day accept the cession of Danzig without committing national suicide, and France and Britain must insist on the *status quo*. Then he adds: "until more reasonable ideas prevail." That addition seems to leave the whole question in the air, to prove its insolubility for a long time. For, if by any miracle Germany "abandoned the methods of force" and came peacefully to the Conference table to co-operate in a settlement of the Danzig question, how could Poland be persuaded yet to accept as satisfactory a guarantee that a Danzig within the Reich would remain even for a year a Danzig harmless to Gdynia? It would be impossible.



FAR FROM WESTMINSTER: Home Secretary Sir Samuel Hoare, hard-working member of Mr. Chamberlain's inner Cabinet, feeding the ducks at his East Anglian home where — dictators willing — he is taking a well-earned August holiday

OPPOSITION CRITICS.—Mr. Spender, taking up the cudgels on behalf of "Scrutator," laid on the shelf, discussed last week in the *Sunday Times* the critics of the Government, their methods, and the results of those methods. I was pleased to observe that he said exactly what I have repeatedly said, in rather more formal language and, I doubt not, in finer English prose. I will not recapitulate his points, for they have been hammered out often enough, but I will put on record one or two salient features of his discourse. "There has been nothing in my life time," he said—and he is an experienced student of politics—"at all resembling the present position of parties. . . . Liberals and Socialists are in effect appealing to the jingoism of the country against the more prudent policy of a mainly Conservative Government. Each holds up Mr. Churchill as representing its view, each employs the slogan of 'Churchill and no Appeasement.'" It is Mr. Spender's view that this policy, as followed by Sir A. Sinclair, has further divided what remains of a Liberal Party. Mr. Spender sees in this dual-opposition policy illogicality, party strategy, essential harm to the nation, and the proofs of deplorable myopia. I myself find it difficult to believe that a majority in either Opposition group is blind any longer to the hard facts which have for a year or more forced the Conservative Party into playing the political role which was in the charter of Socialism; and has mysteriously led the dual opposition to steal the clothes and thunder of Conservatism, to play the jingo role. And I find it difficult to believe that sincere Liberals and Socialists do not feel uncomfortable under the banners now waved over their heads. In common with all patriotic Englishmen, I deplore the humiliation of British prestige in Europe and the East, but mathematical calculations can be simply made, and even a child can compute just how far British naval power can defend British interests, far flung over a seething world. Petulance, childishness, reckless disregard of facts, are adjectives which may fairly be applied to any policy (if policy it were and not mere wordy criticism unbacked by constructive proposal) which avoids those unpleasant facts. Another aspect—the handle which such criticism gives to our many declared enemies—is dealt with clearly by Mr. Spender. And finally his last paragraph is worth citing. It is very much in point in considering the reactions to the late Hudson-Wohltat talks: "If we were without the necessary strength, we should be at the mercy of the aggressor; if we let every suggestion of a peaceful kind be derided as 'appeasement,' we should be shutting the door on all hope of peace in the world." A great responsibility has rested of late on Mr. Dalton and Sir Archibald Sinclair. In my view that responsibility is lessened to-day by the fact that, having missed great opportunities, they have both lost much of their authority. Their words no longer carry vital weight.

FORLORN BESIDE THE SEA: Stranded holidaymakers on the quay at Newhaven after having been informed that there was no more accommodation on the boats to Dieppe. About 3,600 people, taking advantage of a bright week-end, crossed by this route last Saturday, the rush exceeding all expectations

SAUDI-ARABIAN OIL.—The Standard Oil Company of California has secured another concession covering the bulk of the best oil-bearing lands in Saudi-Arabia. It won it in the face of keen competition from Italy backed by Germany and Japan. With the earlier concession granted in 1933 the Standard Company now controls the oil-development of countless sq. miles. King Ibn-Saud justified his decision on the ground that no European power had pure motives in its desire for his oil—that is, all the motives were political and possibly aggressive and not "pure business." So the Standard Company got the new concession covering vast areas though their offer was but half that

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

made by Japan. Still, the American offer is handsome enough. A quarter-million pounds down, £35,000 a year during prospecting, and high royalties as soon as production begins. A great deal of successful work has already been done along the coast of the Persian Gulf and inland. And American money is better than Axis money any day; it seems to go farther and last longer. It is one thing to own oil wells in the troubled Near East. It is another thing to put it as petrol into Californian cars or to sell it as fuel to neighbour nations. But the concession gives America another vital interest in the affairs of Europe which the democracies will welcome.

"TIME." — London newsagents banned the American magazine *Time* on the ground that it has recently contained matter so provocative of libel actions as to make the risks of distribution too great. The "last straw" was an article on Countess Ciano and Mussolini in the issue of July 24. I have read that article carefully and in my opinion it goes beyond the bounds of decency, even by the standards set by magazines which depend for their appeal on highly personal and sensational "revelations" concerning public and society figures. And that is no high standard. The article imputes immorality to a world figure, inchastity, without any shadow of proof, to a woman only recently dead, and bastardy to the living. It is moreover intolerably vulgar and base. An article like this seems not only to justify but to excuse and whitewash the methods of Goebbels. Goebbels libels a race which in law is no libel. Under British law truth is no acceptable plea where inchastity has been imputed against a woman, and if in law no action lies for a libel on the dead, a libel of that nature on a woman recently dead is outside the laws of social decency. But much of the article is beyond the bounds of decency and the magazine has been very rightly banned—so far as concerns this article, one hopes, on grounds of morality as well as on financial considerations. This type of magazine has encouraged in England a form of journalism which decent people deplore and which has lowered the reputation of British journalism. It is extraordinary that Americans not only suffer it but encourage it.

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS. —After reading Lady Eleanor Smith's *Life's A Circus*, I have expelled any desire I may have had that a daughter of mine should become a writer. If she must, I should wish her to write as well, as vividly, as amusingly, as Lady Eleanor. But I should not—being old fashioned—wish her to harvest a tithe of Lady Eleanor's experiences, and above all, I should not wish her to turn her hand to a pen-picture or character study of her father. For the modern daughter—the clever girl—has far too sharp an eye on her father's frailties and far too frank a way of showing them to the world. *Vide* Lady Eleanor and Miss du Maurier. Lady Eleanor's picture of her father is vivid, brilliant and doubtless true. Indeed the late Lord Birkenhead's character is well understood generally. But it is hard on a Lord Chancellor that his daughter should pillory him as a horse-coper on the Woolsack in a pen-picture which must live. The account of Lord Birkenhead during his annual visit to Blenheim, and the picture of him as a father of a family at Charlton or in London are brilliant and vivid condemnations of that extraordinary eighteenth-century survival into our own age, that brilliant man with all the recklessness and frailties of the age to which he properly belonged. But it was bad luck that so acute a "chiel" among his children was taking notes. For his character—in life—always tended to reduce the magnitude of his achievements in legal reforms and in the conduct of his great office.

LITTER.—Sir William Beveridge, in raising that seasonable holiday topic, "Litter," evoked a Litter leader in *The Times*, in which the antiquity of the litter habit was made clear. It was shown how in Tudor times anti-litter laws were enforced by up-to-date "local authorities." Unless I am wrong, it is one of the most ancient of all our frailties, and to it we owe most of what we know of our prehistoric ancestors. Is it not among the middens on the rocky Pembrokeshire coast and in scores of other places that the diggers unearth those early implements which tell us how men lived in Britain before history ran? Yes; the habit is ingrained, and it will take more than a few local bye-laws, slackly enforced, a few years of polite propaganda by B.B.C. and Press, a generation of school teaching, to eradicate the habit. As a magistrate, I know this beyond doubt. There is occasionally a "litter" case in the list when I sit on the Bench. And every time a conviction is secured the defendant's face and manner prove the truth. He is simply astonished and outraged. He cannot get over that "busybody" interference with his liberty. Chucked banana skins on the road! What else should he have done? Threw his paper down on the common! What's the common for? Left his beer bottle and greasy paper on Hindhead! What else was he to do with them? They were of no use to him. Always it is astonishment that these defendants show; never, never is there a scintilla of evidence of guilty knowledge. I think it will take 100 years of intensive propaganda and punishment to eradicate this iron-age habit.

THE "TWELFTH." — The "Twelfth" is passed. It did not tell us much. A few of the time-honoured photographs of parties of sportsmen "early on the moors," with the long straggling line of guns, ladies, pannier ponies, dogs, and keepers breasting the slopes, duly appeared in the Press; American gourmets eat their cold storage "guinea-fowl" at the Splendora, and a list of bags, 20 brace, 45 brace, 70 brace, trickled in from the northern moors. But the "Twelfth" is in my opinion—a mature opinion of a man growing shorter of breath — a school-boy's holiday. I don't care so much nowadays to walk up grouse—least of all over peat hags under a gruelling sun—and I am as convinced as ever that walking-up grouse on the "Twelfth" even in a normal season tells the owner or tenant absolutely nothing material as to his expectations when driving begins. If the day be still and hot, he will walk over half his coveys. If it be wild and wet, he will not have them on his ground to walk over. Whether he return encouraged or down-cast, he will return with no sure indication of the shape of things to come.

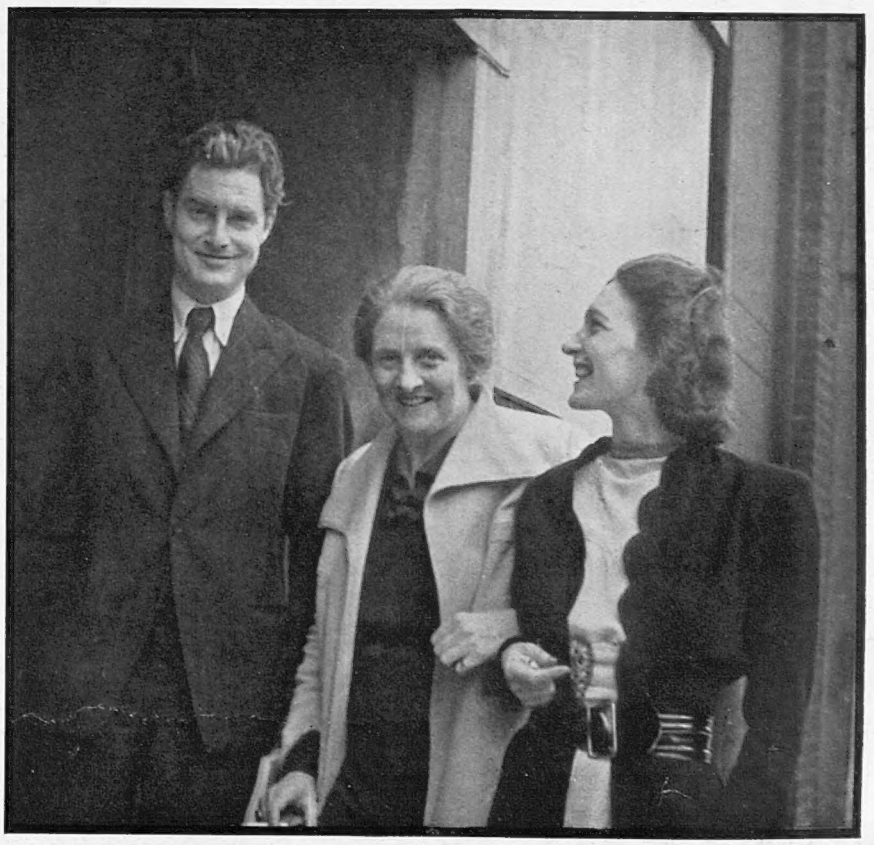
COUNTY CRICKET FINANCE. —I don't want to be a Jonah, but it is impossible not to feel anxiety for the state of the finances of some of our county clubs at the end of this season. For years the less popular "draws" among the county teams have been struggling to keep solvent; last year some only just saved their bacon by the subvention from the last Australian Test matches. A great divide which comes all too seldom and on which too much depends. This year there is no such expectation. The divide available for struggling counties from the West Indies Tests will be pitifully small indeed in comparison.

BOOK BARGAINS.—There is a second-hand bookshop that lies far from the Cavell Memorial—I shall not specify its habitat—where every Tuesday without fail I pick up a real bargain. Its shelf marked "4d." is a positive Golconda. I wonder if the business is run by philanthropists or the most elementary amateur. Recent items which have become mine at 4d. include *John Inglesant*, mint new copy in its gentlemanly make-up, worthy of a place in a Whig country house library. Four or five of Mrs. Henry Wood's and Wilkie Collins' best novels in the same form and state. Oddly enough, in the same shelf are "Penguin" reprints slightly soiled. It seems incredible that my *John Inglesant* and a shop-soiled paper copy of *Blood on the Doormat* could both be priced at 4d. It is the parable of the labourers in the vineyard, I suppose, and written for our learning.

"GENERAL MUD."—In reference to the late departed rains, it certainly looked as if Heaven frowns on military preparations without distinction between aggressor and peace-front nations. The young men of England, territorials or militiamen, have had as gruelling an initiation into the mysteries and duties of soldiering as had some of K's army in the early days of 1915. It must have disheartened the military authorities, if it failed to damp the spirits of the men. But there was a compensating reflection. In my war experience, the lessons which above all graduate a soldier as B.A. (Mil), and divide him sharply from the recruit, are those lessons which train him in the art of making the best of the worst conditions of bivouacking. If your men can cope with mud, they can beat the human enemy. The first and last lesson in war is to achieve the art of keeping your health and your heart and your tent up in a slough-bivouac. And I fancy many high and experienced generals would agree with me that other items in the fighting syllabus come more easily and rank behind this vital art. Our first batch are already veteran campaigners. They graduated under General Mud, that tartar.

THE OLD STAGER

BASKING IN REAL AUGUST SUNSHINE: A glimpse of the great crowd that gathered in Hyde Park last Sunday to listen to the band and to enjoy the sudden warm spell that came as a much-needed tonic after 2½ months of depressing weather



PRESENTING SHAW: Robert Donat, producer Esme Church, and Sonia Dresdel pictured outside the theatre before rehearsing *The Devil's Disciple* for the Buxton Festival. Meanwhile, at the Malvern Festival Shaw's latest play, *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*, is proving a great hit with audiences, to whom it presents the serious side of the merry monarch, emphasising his adroitness at a time of great difficulty. Reviews of the first three plays given at Malvern will be found on pages 290–291

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AFTER: French troops and members of French ex-servicemen's associations, their banners held aloft, standing on the quay at Boulogne last Sunday as they welcomed over 700 "Old Contemptibles," who had come over on a ceremonial visit in order to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of their landing at Boulogne on August 13, 1914, as members of the British Expeditionary Force. On arrival a luncheon was held at the harbour station

INSPECTING BE-MEDALLED "OLD CONTEMPTIBLES": General Tence, Governor of Dunkirk, and the Mayor of Boulogne (extreme left) passing down the ranks of the 700 soldiers of 1914 on the occasion of their visit to Boulogne

"HAPPY LANDINGS": Constable W. H. Casselman, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, wishing Captain J. C. Kelly-Rogers good luck as he was about to leave Montreal with the Imperial Airways mail plane *Caribou*

Below—A scene at Charing Cross before the "Old Contemptibles" set out on their trip to France last Sunday. Pipe-Major Grey (in mufti), who played the highlanders through Boulogne on August 14, 1914, chatting with four pipers of to-day

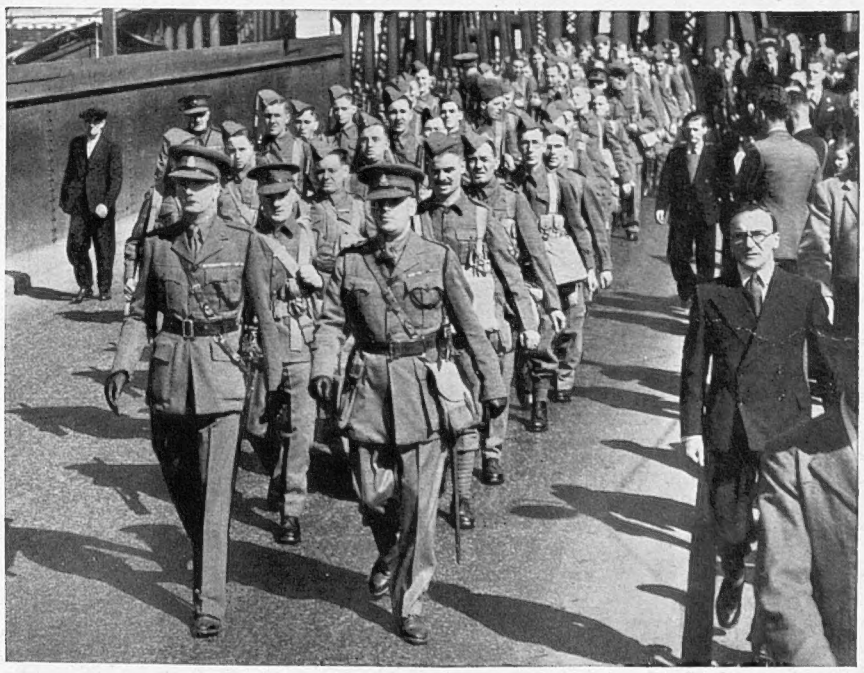
CHAMPIONS BOTH: Huber, winner of the men's event, and Mlle Berlioux, winner of the women's event, congratulating each other after the Paris swimming championships

CURRENT EVENTS on the PEACE FRONT

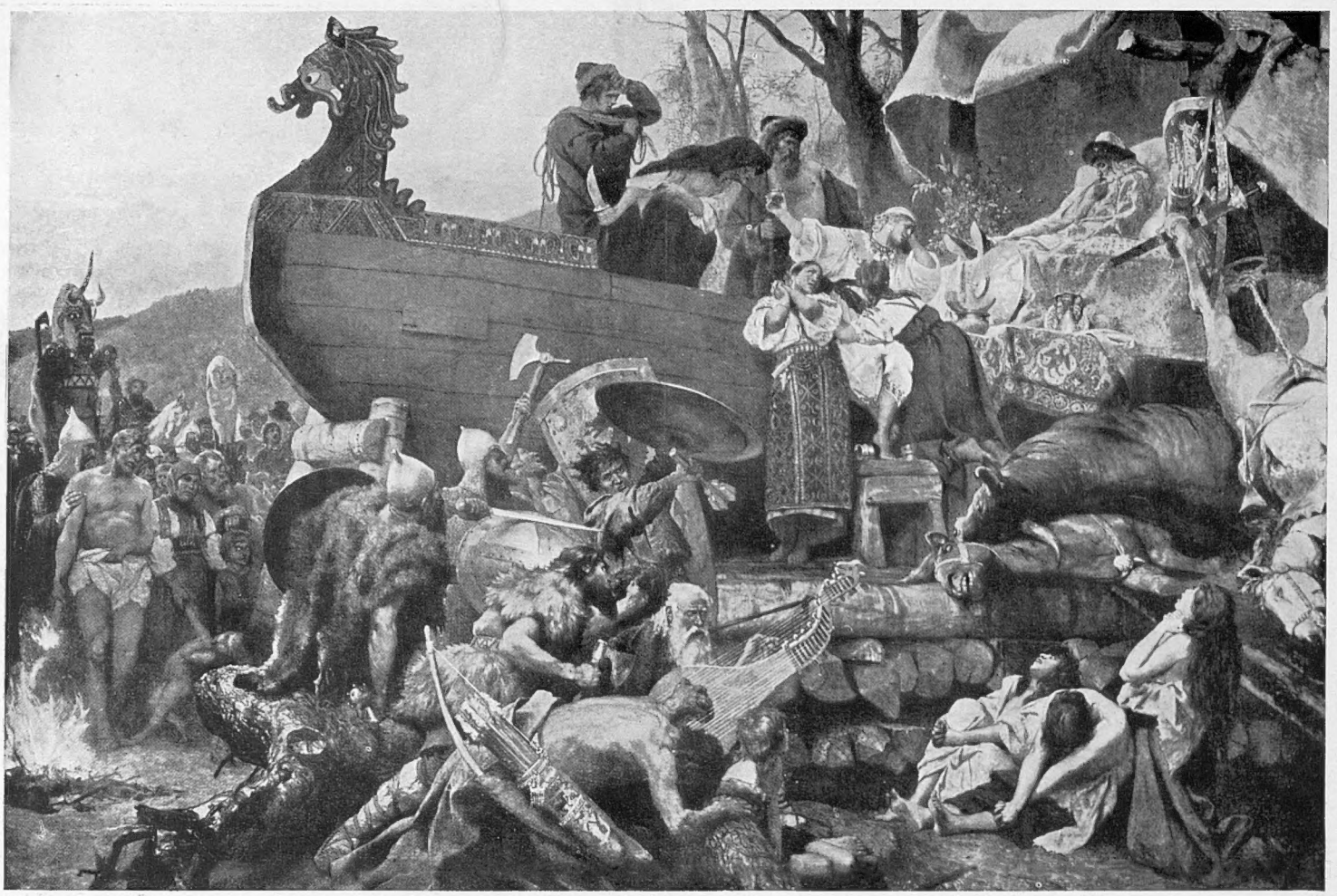
START OF THE MOSCOW STAFF TALKS: General Doumenc, head of the French Service Mission to Soviet Russia, and Admiral Sir Reginald Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax (right), head of the British Mission and former Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, pictured on the platform of Leningrad Station, Moscow, when they arrived for the series of momentous conversations with the heads of the Soviet forces. Up to last Wednesday no official communique had been issued, but it was rumoured in some quarters that the talks were progressing very smoothly

IN GOOD FORM: Major-General T. G. G. Heywood, a member of the British Service Mission to Moscow, and Colonel Suvorov, Military Commandant of Moscow, seen together on the former's arrival for the important series of staff talks upon which such high hopes have been set

LAND AND AIR CO-OPERATION: Men of the 2nd Battalion, Royal Ulster Rifles, leaving a Bristol bomber at Yatebury Aerodrome, near Marlborough, after being transported from Ryde Barracks, Isle of Wight, for their annual manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. Altogether 120 men made the journey on the first day, each of the six planes carrying twenty men with full equipment, including rifles and steel helmets. On the day following the remainder of the battalion was brought from Ryde



MAJOR ANTHONY EDEN GOES TO CAMP: Britain's former Foreign Secretary marching at the head of the 2nd Battalion, The Rangers, a London Territorial unit, as they crossed Waterloo Bridge en route to the station, where they entrained for Beaulieu (of muddy notoriety) in the New Forest. *On right*—A Coldstream Guardsman and his vehicle camouflaged during large-scale exercises in the Pirbright district of Surrey



"THE CREMATION OF A CHIEF IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA IN THE TENTH CENTURY": This painting by Henry de Siemiradski, which appeared in "The Sphere" of August 11, 1906, is of special interest at the moment in that it illustrates one of several methods of ship burial as practised in Europe in ancient times; a subject that has come to the fore through the remarkable discovery at Sutton Hoo, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, of the ship-grave of an Anglo-Saxon king containing many magnificent gold and silver relics. In the Russian picture we see how the chief lay in state on his ship which was placed above a pyre and then burnt. At Sutton Hoo, where the discovery dates from approximately A.D. 600, it appears, however, that the chief was first cremated and that the ashes, surrounded by rich treasure, were then put in a ship and buried beneath the ground

RICH FI

Gold and Silver

There has been no more remarkable archæological discovery of recent years than that which has just been made at Sutton Hoo, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, where Mr. Guy Maynard, Curator of Ipswich Museum, and three experts from the Office of Works have had a hand in the unearthing of a burial ship—the only one of its kind ever found in Europe in an undisturbed state.

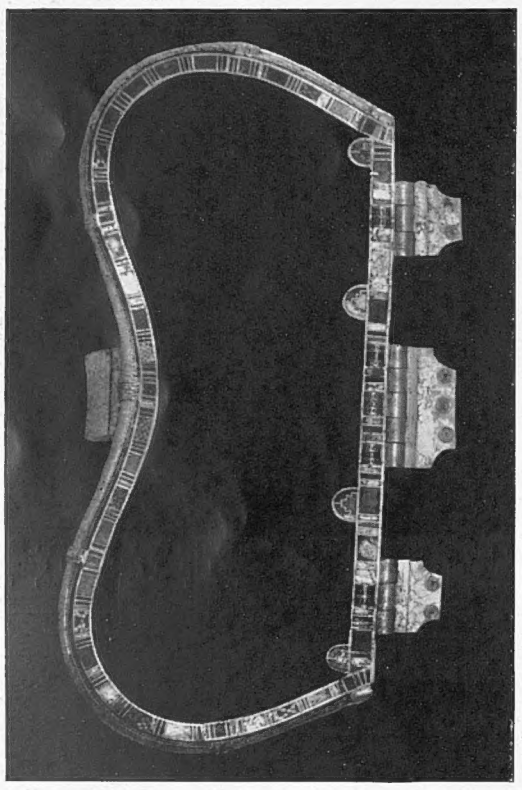
The ship-grave is believed to be that of an Anglo-Saxon warrior-king who lived about A.D. 600 and whose remains were cremated and placed in the cabin of his 82 ft. long rowing derry surrounded by his worldly treasures which, it was assumed by his contemporaries, he would take into the next life.

Of the ship itself few traces remain as the woodwork has for the most part rotted away, but lines of regularly spaced marks in the diggings show where 8-in. nails had once held the structure together.

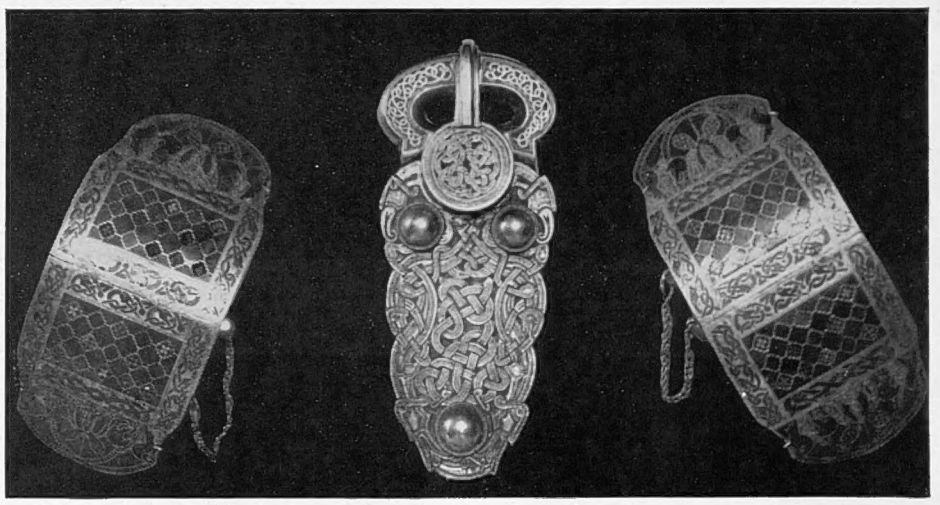
The ship was buried in a trench about 20 ft. wide and 10 ft. deep in the old gravel surface.

Of paramount interest, of course, are the wonderful relics that have been discovered, including a set of armour, gold coins of the Franks, gold ingots, a bronze bowl from Egypt, and a great silver dish made in Constantinople.

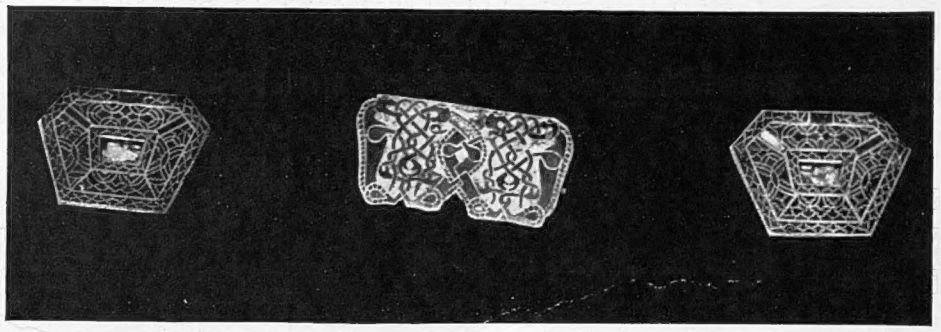
It is a truly astonishing collection and the objects are in some cases of such an exotic nature that the dead man must undoubtedly have

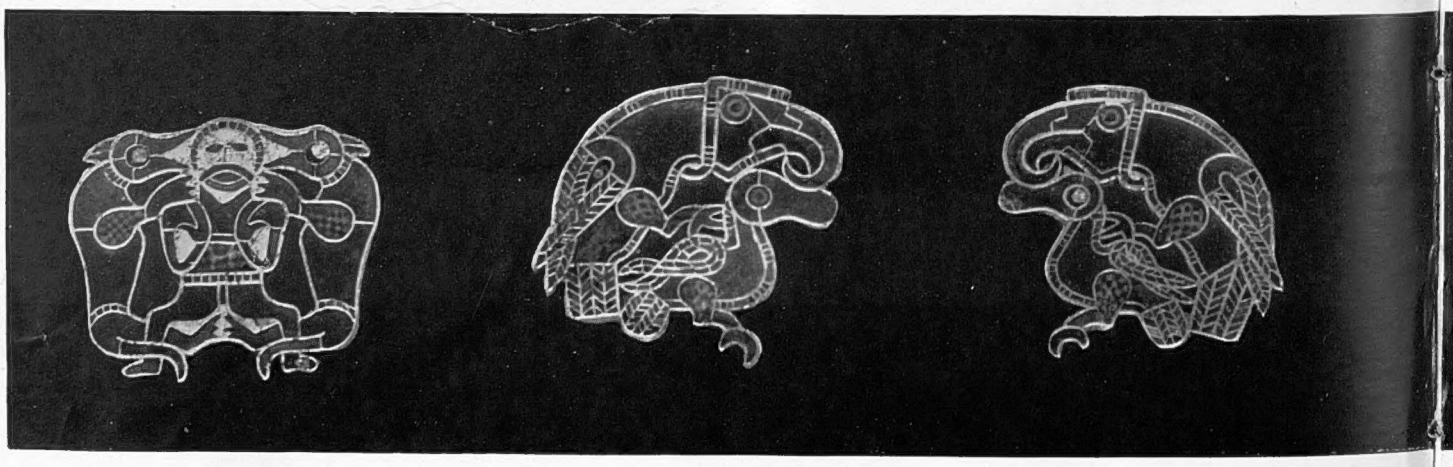


A GOLD AND GARNET CLOISONNE PURSE FRAME brought to light in the ship-grave of the warrior-king. Lying by it were forty gold coins of the Merovingian Franks. The number of gold objects in the excavations was quite remarkable



FOUND IN THE SUTTON HOO SHIP-GRAVE: A pair of hinged gold clasps, jewelled with garnet and mosaic glass, and a buckle in the shape of an animal's head. Though typical of the goldsmith's work of the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks, the pieces are regarded as being exceptionally fine specimens. *Below*—A set of small jewelled mounts in gold with garnet inlay

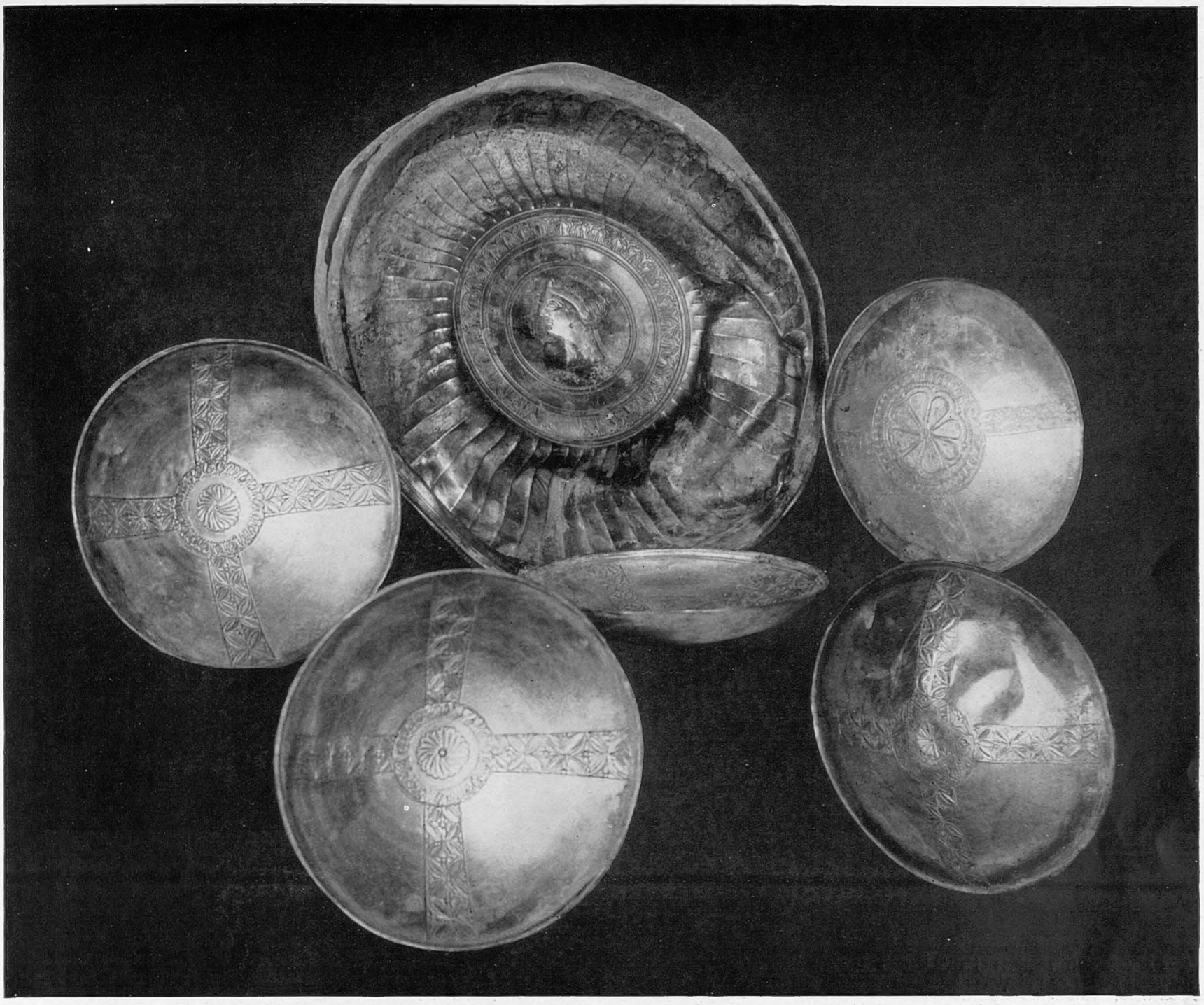




On right—JEWELLED GOLDEN MOUNTS WITH GARNET INLAY: Four more pieces of rich workmanship from the ship-grave which, after being fourteen centuries beneath the earth, has now yielded up its rich secrets. In another part of the grave have been found remains of silver-mounted drinking horns

NDS IN THE SHIP-GRAVE OF AN ANGLO-SAXON KING

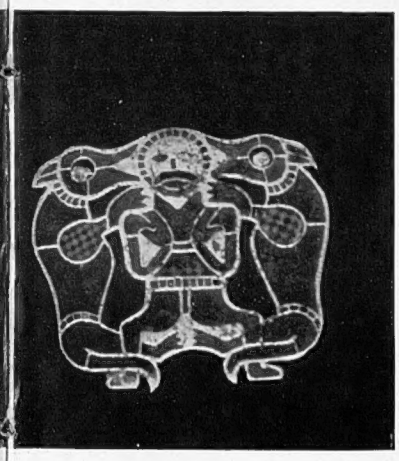
Relics of Superb Workmanship Unearthed in a Tumulus Near Sutton Hoo, Suffolk—The Court Decides Ownership



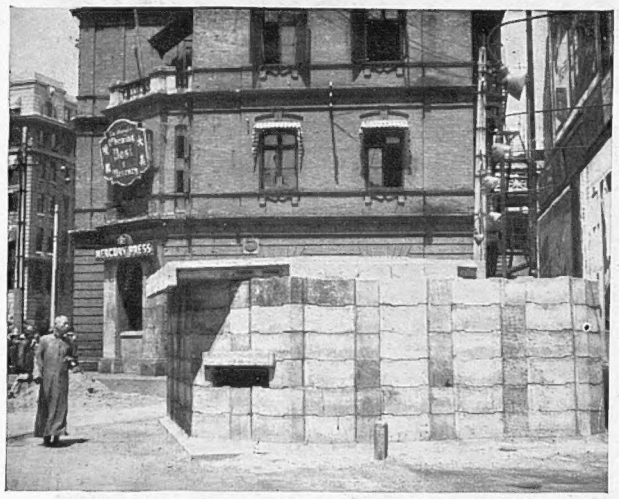
TREASURE TROVE FROM THE DARK AGES: These pieces of Byzantine ornamental plate are among the many magnificent objects that have been unearthed at Sutton Hoo, Suffolk, where the ship-grave of an Anglo-Saxon warrior-king has been brought to light. The silver dish in the centre was made in Constantinople about the year A.D. 520. It is 3 ft. across and, in common with the other dishes and the ladles, is in a really remarkable state of preservation. It bears the hall-mark of the Emperor Anastasius. All the major finds have been removed from the excavations to safe custody in the British Museum, where experts are now engaged in examining them closely

been a personage of supreme importance. It is possible that he belonged to the family of Redwald, the great East Anglian, pagan monarch who at one time ruled all Saxon England.

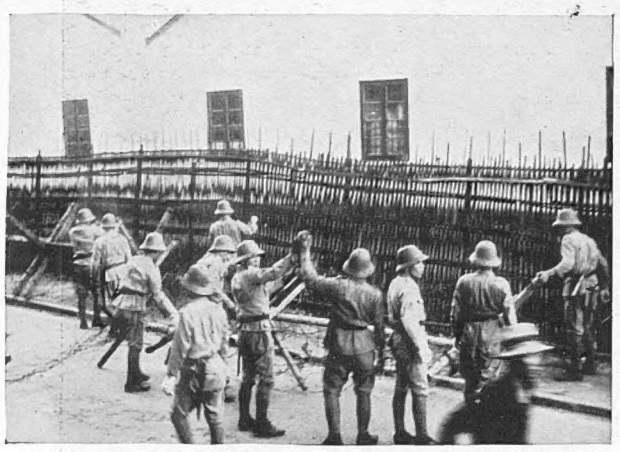
All the major finds are now being fully investigated by experts at the British Museum, but at the beginning of this week they were taken back to Sutton and there, before a Coroner's Court, the jury decided that they were the property of Mrs. Edith Mary Pretty, on whose estate they were found, and not that of the Crown.



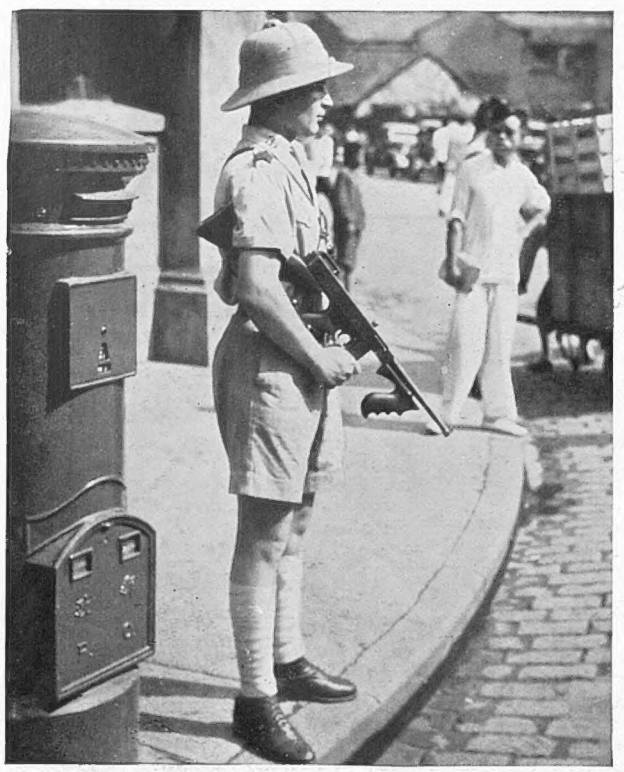
DECIDING A VITAL POINT: The foreman of the jury conferring with the Coroner in Sutton village hall where a Coroner's Court was held last Monday in order to decide whether the treasure unearthed at Sutton Hoo should become the property of the State or of Mrs. Edith Mary Pretty on whose land it was found. After a 2½ hour sitting the jury gave a verdict in favour of Mrs. Pretty, taking the view that the treasure, having been abandoned and not merely concealed with a view to recovery, belongs to the First Finder and that the King's prerogative cannot be exercised. Part of the treasure is seen displayed in the case on the left



IN SHANGHAI'S FLEET STREET: A police blockhouse outside the offices of the *Shanghai Post*, one of many journals upon which gangs have of late directed their attention. *Below*—An armoured car outside the same building



TYPICAL OF JAPANESE TACTICS: Members of a Japanese detachment putting up barbed-wire barricades along North Kiangsi Road, between the Japanese and British defence sectors, following the arrest of four Seaforth Highlanders who accidentally crossed into the Japanese area. The British military authorities are still showing great patience



ARMED WITH A SUB-MACHINE GUN, a Shanghai police inspector keeps guard in one of the main streets. Coping with the Japanese-controlled gangs makes his a full-time job

JAPAN'S NEW TACTICS

As Revealed in Letters from Hong Kong and Shanghai

The following two letters have been sent to THE SPHERE *by correspondents in Hong Kong and Shanghai, who give intimate pictures of the increasingly difficult conditions in those two cities of the Far East. The defences, both on the island of Hong Kong and the mainland, have recently been greatly augmented.*

Hong Kong, August.

THE average Japanese is convinced, with some reason, that but for Great Britain's moral and financial assistance to Chiang Kai-Shek and his Government, the Japanese would have been able to establish their "New Order in East Asia" long before this.

As it is they have made no recent headway with their war, so renewed efforts are being made to terminate a struggle which is growing more and more costly and unpopular in Japan. And the scapegoat is obviously to be Great Britain.

Hence the many curious incidents during the last two months which have now revealed themselves as a definite policy of anti-British propaganda in China.

In South China the treaty ports of Swatow, Amoy and Foochow are now in Japanese hands and all trade has been stopped. But the Chinese, who excel at overcoming such difficulties, have developed Swabue, Changchow, Wenchow and other temporary ports near the captured ones. Although these are not treaty ports permits have been obtained from the Chinese Customs for them to be used as such and a fair trade has been carried on.

Now, however, the Japanese have retaliated by enforcing a far stricter blockade. Foreign ships are warned to keep clear for various reasons, usually given as military operations or the presence of mines. Whether in fact all the forbidden areas through which ships must pass in order to trade are mined, is not clear. But the Douglas steamer *Haitan* certainly struck an explosive object when off the Fukien coast just north of Amoy a few days ago. The explosion caused quite a lot of damage, but luckily the ship had been strengthened for breaking surface ice (having been originally built for work in North American waters) and she was able to limp back into Hong Kong. This is enough to show that the report of mines is not a bluff, but part of a definite plan to curtail British trade.

In Hong Kong the situation is sufficiently difficult to give rise to some misgivings. The Chinese population has increased (by 500,000) with the flow of refugees who have sought British protection, while the supply of foodstuffs has recently been decreased by the cutting off of Swatow and Swabue on the east side, and by the operations between Canton and Macao on the other. The latter more particularly affect the supply of wood fuel so necessary for the cooking of chow (food) for the coolie classes. Moreover, the Hong Kong fishermen dare not venture outside territorial waters as they are afraid of suffering a similar fate to many of their countrymen. (Two severely wounded and one dying fishermen were recently picked up off the coast and brought to Hong Kong by a French boat. Hundreds of junk folk must have perished at the hands of the Japanese while merely carrying on with their day's work.)

With the threat of the Japanese invading the countryside immediately beyond the New Territory frontiers, there is little prospect of Hong Kong's extra Chinese population being materially decreased in the near future. The lack of hospital beds—which in one of the biggest Chinese hospitals in the colony were in some wards outnumbered by patients by as many as five to one—and the increase of the heroin scourge, mostly among young people, are only two of the many evils of overcrowding which have to be combated.

The foreign and more prosperous Chinese population now also has its food problems. Since the Japanese occupation of Swatow the supply of eggs has been much reduced, and big consumers, such as restaurant proprietors, are unable to obtain sufficient for their needs. It is hoped that this shortage is only temporary and will soon be replenished by supplies from Indo-China.

The currency problem is a great thorn in the flesh of Japan. The British Government will—naturally—only recognise the Chinese and Hong Kong dollars, while the Japanese want their Federal Reserve Bank dollars to be used and nothing else. These are practically worthless.

J. G.

HONG KONG CAMEO: A young Chinese enjoying his bowl of rice. All his "chow" is cooked over wood fuel and as there is a definite shortage of this in the colony the outlook for the future is not cheerful

Shanghai, July 24, 1939.

The anti-British campaign is in full swing here. Although posters and organised processions are taboo in the Settlement and the French Concession, the Japanese have other ways of appealing to the illiterate masses. Subsidised broadcasting stations in Japanese-controlled territory blast out propaganda of the lowest and most virulent nature day and night. One station operates in the Russian language and appeals to the White Russian community, more especially to the members of the Russian Volunteer Force, to leave the Settlement and join up with the "Deliverers of East Asia."

All this is having a most noticeable effect on the Chinese. Always susceptible to propaganda, they are swallowing it this time as if they liked it. Outstanding in this respect are those Chinese who work for Japanese firms. When it comes to insolence and arrogance they are worthy pupils. Yesterday I travelled in a lift with a Chinese messenger boy wearing the uniform of a well-known Japanese shipping company. He slipped into the crowded lift unnoticed by the operator and we were half-way up when he was spotted. The lift-boy pointed to the notice which stated that servants were not allowed to use that particular lift, whereupon the messenger began to pour out a torrent of filthy abuse, ending up with the remark that he worked for the Japanese and would do as he liked!

Chinese messengers in the employ of the Japanese telegraph organisation are common offenders in this respect. Dressed in smart, semi-military uniforms, they ride their cycles full-tilt along the footpaths, scattering the wretched pedestrians and cursing any who get in their way. It is very noticeable that the Settlement police appear apathetic and discouraged, but one can hardly blame them. As a matter of fact they have their hands more than full at present and can hardly be expected to give much thought to beggars and trick cyclists. Forced to patrol in squads of three or four, wearing bullet-proof waistcoats and carrying automatics at the ready, their time is fully occupied with more important matters.

The other night an organised gang of "bad-hats" raided the premises of one of the Chinese-language newspapers, owned by an American concern. They shot dead an American who got in their way and made good their escape after shooting their way through a police cordon. There were several casualties, including a number of the thugs. A recent article in *The British North China Daily News* showed that investigations prove without doubt that there are close on 3,000 gangsters active in the districts under Japanese control. These creatures, the scum of the local gaols, are waxing fat on the profits made in the gaming houses of the "Badlands" of the western district, just outside the Settlement boundaries. Here all sorts of vice flourish under the protection of the Japanese military.

All outlets to these districts are closely watched by the Settlement police, who carry their lives in their hands as they patrol these dangerous roads. Hardly a day passes without its shooting or bombing outrage, and a common item in the morning paper is a reference to machine-gun fire or the sound of explosions heard by the residents of the western part of the Foreign Settlement.

An old resident would find it difficult to recognise in this stricken city the pleasant Shanghai of his early days. The Bund with its pleasant lawns is now a cargo enclosure swarming with yelling coolies. The public gardens, scene of long-forgotten band concerts and once favourite promenade of the "old-timer," has been railed off from the waterfront, where cargo pontoons are now moored.

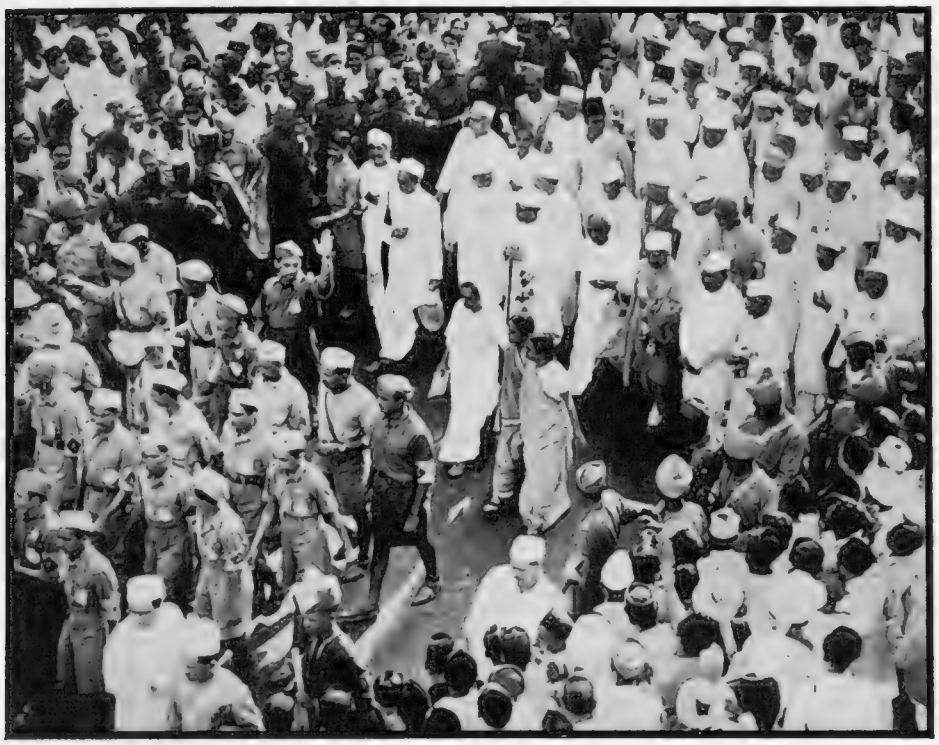
At each jetty is stationed a squad of Settlement police, assisted by Russian volunteers with fixed bayonets, who search the swarms of mill-workers as they arrive from the Pootung side, an area under Japanese control and another hot-bed of terrorism.

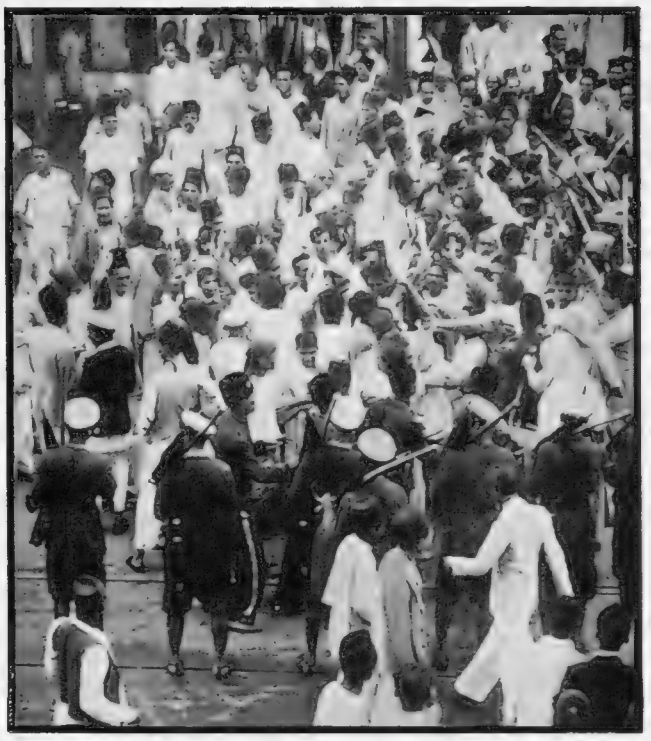
Always in evidence at these jetties are Japanese plain-clothes men, busy with note-book and pencil, jotting down particulars of all that takes place. These Japanese do their best to remain on good terms with the Chinese Settlement police.

Business, as one can imagine, is carried on only under difficulties. Strikes are organised daily at one or the other of the British-owned mills.

F. D.

IN TROUBLED ASIA: Bombay Prohibition Riots—Muslims Demonstrate Against Gandhi — Anti-British Feeling in Tokyo





BOMBAY GOES DRY: While members of the Provincial Government were marching in procession (*above*) through the streets of the city in order to celebrate the inauguration of Prohibition, serious rioting took place in another quarter where Muslims gathered to protest against the imposition of the new property tax designed to compensate for the loss of revenue on alcohol. Police and soldiery are seen (*on right*) attempting to quell the rioters, but before they obtained control of the situation over forty people were injured. Afterwards a curfew was proclaimed and the authorities forbade the assembly of more than five persons in the Indian portion of Bombay, the decree to hold good for a fortnight. Only time can tell whether Prohibition will prove practicable in Bombay and it is certainly going to be expensive for the Government, a large force of inspectors having to be maintained. Europeans are supplied with alcohol under permit

GANDHI GETS A HOT RECEPTION IN LAHORE: As the Frontier Mail drew into this station en route for Delhi a large crowd of Muslims mobbed the compartment in which the Hindu leader was travelling. Mr. Gandhi is seen (*above*) as he sat immobile in the carriage, paying little or no attention to what was going on around him. At the moment the Muslims are demonstrating in many parts of India as they are of the opinion that their rights are being seriously infringed by the various Congress Ministries. Mr. Gandhi has recently addressed a most challenging statement to the Indian Princes declaring what he considers to be the "minimum concessions that all the States should guarantee in order to come into line with enlightened opinion in British India"

INFLAMING PUBLIC OPINION: *Above*—Crowds attending an anti-British demonstration in Hibiya Park, Tokyo, where they heard the most violent speeches, and were so impressed that they at once formed into procession (*right*) and marched on the British Embassy. Incidents such as this have become increasingly common, and as a result the atmosphere in which the Anglo-Japanese talks have been held has made the achievement of compromise a matter of intense difficulty

PARIS MAY LOOK THE SAME, but to-day, it seems, her people walk with a brisker air of confidence, and there is a new spirit abroad in the city — a spirit of determination

THROUGH FRIENDLIEST FRANCE

A Tour from Brest to Strasbourg, Following the Western and Southern Coastlines, Evidences the True Attitude of the People Towards "Les Anglais"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THIS summer ought to be noted, from the point of view of the reception accorded *les Anglais* by French people throughout their country (I am sorry about "*les Anglais*," but that is how they say it, and even the Trossachs will have to stomach it, in passing).

The great thing about the friendliness shown has been that it has had very little to do with the £ sterling, spending thereof. This, in the past, had produced a different form of friendliness, not always a satisfactory one. No. Deep down, I believe the French have said, or thought, "After all, the sacred Britanniques are the best of the bunch. They are constant in the end. And they have been in a measure responsible for our getting hold of ourselves, for our revival."

The latter may be historically important. I date things from the Royal visit to Paris in 1938. At the time, penetrating French writers observed that this show of calm panoply, of *la vielle Angleterre*, gave France her first feeling of happiness in four years—since February 6, 1934, on the Concorde. It is a great and a thrilling thing to give another nation happiness in that way.

Act number two on our part concerned Mr. Chamberlain's flights to Germany. It is quite beside the point to say that had others been heeded, it would never have been necessary for the Premier to find himself in such an extremity. Does one not know that! The point here is that France found herself at that moment fatally weakened and unready, and that Mr. Chamberlain's action afforded her in the sequel the time, coupled with the state of mind, in which to pull herself together.

This process evolved essentially from three happenings, in the moral sense. The first was M. Daladier's standing up to the general strike of November last. I purposely do not say his breaking of it, because he merely had to stand up and it evaporated. This showed (what some of us said, and wrote, for years before) that France had found her man. The second event that moved the French towards unity was the cry of "Nice! Corsica! Tunis!" in the Italian Chamber. This caused Frenchmen to murmur, "but, sacred name of a dog, we haven't fallen as low as this!" The third event was the eye-opening burglary with the revolver, of Prague. That restirred a guilty conscience in France, and moved the ranks closer together on the principle of "it is now time to call a halt or we are ourselves undone."

Re-enters Britain. Two acts of ours, that swiftly followed, won widespread and instant approval with the French. I refer to the introduction of conscription, and to the Polish guarantee upon which the front against aggression came to be reared. These British initiatives greatly facilitated the task of achieving domestic concord, which those two big men, MM. Daladier and Paul Reynaud, had set themselves (our military service crippled French Fascism by removing its most insidious argument). They notably contributed to the growth of confidence which enabled M. Reynaud to achieve a magnificent financial recovery without which France could not have made good again, and which has established a second, gold Maginot Line.

But please do not think I am saying the debt between the two countries is all one-sided. The French are fully aware that we should have had a terrible time faced, alone, by all the totalitarians, and that reflection understandably adds to the friendliness one encounters everywhere to-day. The French know that we need them every bit as much as they need us—always a satisfactory basis for friendship. They see no more prestige or other rivalry such as endured immemorially between the two fleets. In its stead, they see risen in the sky a new alliance based on air-mindedness and air equality.

So I have been garnering the fruits of all this on a go-as-you-please that took me right round the fringe of France from Brest to Strasbourg via the Pyrenees and Alps. I followed the coast or the frontier pretty nearly all the way round. Much more agreeable in summer than the interior, so why not? And if I have returned deeply conscious of the friendliness I found, maybe more so than might the average "*Anglais*," that is explicable by my having known other Frances, *vis-à-vis les Britanniques*, in years past. Over that shall be drawn a decent veil, yet one does hope that never again shall the French and ourselves drift so unnecessarily, facilely, and even bitterly apart, as was the case in the '20's and the '30's, particularly in the former. Worse than a crime. A mistake.

The France that you find to-day is the nearest thing to a happy country that has materialised since the war. That may sound odd in view of the grim uncertainty o'erhanging all, the knowledge in every French home that to-morrow it may be war worse than any that has gone before, yet what can you do about it, the more so if precisely the deep shadows along the frontiers have been primarily responsible for the almost blitheness of national spirit on hand on account of the restoration they have caused of the national unity, soul and self-respect?

There is not the slightest chance now of class disintegration in this France, as planning and plotting others had counted upon. "*Patronat*" and peasant, workman and "*fils de famille*" will stand or fall together. There is continual evidence of this new feeling. The French have a word for dictators, once reputedly used for the English, and it is really surprising how that one word, the spirit of it, has welded the classes together.

In Touraine and Anjou came initial proof that the Daladier dictum, "the whole nation is a workshop," was true. Agriculture is hereabouts the big thing and already the women, young and old, are to be seen in the fields in numbers reminiscent of wartime—they are deputising for mobilised menfolk. Over two million women are currently working on the land. Altogether, eight million Frenchwomen are working outside the home: a further couple of million in factories and workshops, a million in clerical and civil service jobs, 650,000 in domestic employ, and the balance in this, that and the other, including even tram-drivers at Besançon.

At Loches, by the way, one took delight in meeting again, after fifteen years, indubitably the world's greatest guide. A little fellow in a beret, a mass of nerves, he told anew of the *oubliettes* and of the Caliban horrors of the Cardinal in the iron cage. He had told it ten thousand times, but that morning out it came, fresh as ever, and the gestures, the feeling he put into the past history of the dungeons; a great dramatic monologue.

It was Brittany that really opened one's eyes. Thank goodness, it was before the rush; all was quiet touristically; one was able to roam to and fro at will, out to Belle Isle, along the lovely Lorient coastline made famous by the Pont Aven school, up to distinguished Quimper. But Brittany, or its ports, had earned a reputation for "redness," and now here it was, taking its cue from the State Air Factory at Nantes where many thousands are working anything from fifty-four to sixty hours a week. (In places I found as high as seventy hours a week being voluntarily given, and just think what that means in a country but recently presented with the forty-hour week, and seemingly set on retaining it as Socialism's most cherished possession.)

Nantes used to be a pretty town, with its canals and waterways. At great cost, and for no apparent reason save to provide largely unwanted parking ground, these Venetian courses have all been filled in and now show ugly sandy flats. While in this region I read of the decree-law prohibiting any more bars in France. There certainly are enough. The record must be held by the Breton fishing port of Camaret, where I once counted twenty-seven all in a row, on the quayside. That decree-law adds that foreigners are not to be allowed to own bars or cafés any longer. In effect, several unavowable trades can be prosecuted from these places.

One piece of sadness in Brittany. We fell in with the annual Pardon of the Birds in Clohars forest, and on arrival saw the usual brace of old Bretons perched aloft on chairs ready to play their pipes. But presently there boomed the most horrible loudspeaker that did not cease its *chansons de Paris*, and it was pathetic to watch the two veterans presently fold up their pipes and sadly go away. After all, these Pardons had owed so much to those pipes.

At La Rochelle there was a black-out. Even here, right in the west, France must take precautions against possible raiding from Bilbao-way. Blue-painted windows and lamps are everywhere. The West has struck it lucky in connection with the war scare. Any number of *rentiers* from more exposed centres have rented villas and apartments by the year, that would otherwise be occupied only in the summer months. You see advertisements now, not so much singing the praises of running water as of concrete-walled cellars. "*La vie sous la ménace*" has led to all sorts of new ways and habits, but, alas, I must move on.

I had never been on Ré, one of the rare places left me in France. On this fresh and joyous isle, with only sixteen cars, the sturdy women wear bloomers for work in the saltings. Ré has another peculiarity: its tapering church spires have been turned to utilitarian account. The top half black, and the under portion white, they are now excellent landmarks for ships at sea.

At Ré one found nothing but cheapness and friendliness, even though Buckingham did biff the place about a bit. A joke is to ask a native how many convicts there are in the Citadel, for here they are collected *en route* for Cayenne. The answer was 105, but it isn't good for tourism to have it get around that there are convicts on the island, and so, most times, your Rétois would profess ignorance of the subject.

Bordeaux is for some reason one of the dear towns. Yet the fare is so tip-top. And, anyway, I reckon that the purchasing power of the £ exceeds thirty shillings in the French provinces. A café waiter here was one of the exceptionally few who raised the topic of war or no war. French people do not talk about this any more. They read their papers, listen to the radio, form their latest conclusions, and either remain mum or get out

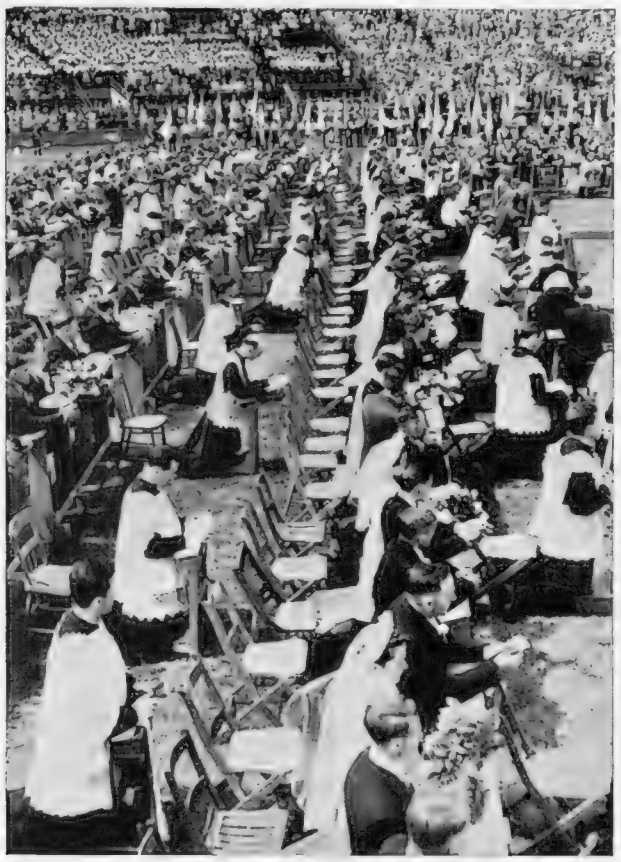
(*Continued on page* 296)

AT THE PARDON OF THE BIRDS IN CLOHARS FOREST: A picture taken in the Quimperlé region by Ferdinand Tuohy during his tour through France

A "Sphere" Survey

SOVIET FARMING FOLK FORGATHER IN MOSCOW: The Pavilion of Mechanisation, built like an airship hangar, aroused immense interest among the hosts of collective farm workers who flocked into the city to see the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition

ATHENS ACCLAIMS: Citizens pictured in national costume during the celebrations held to mark the third anniversary of the establishment of the present authoritarian regime under General Metaxas



MASS MARRIAGE IN MONTREAL: This was the scene in the International League Baseball Stadium as 106 couples were wed at the same time, the ceremonies taking place in the presence of 25,000 relatives, friends, and other spectators

AMID A SEA OF DEBRIS: Members of the crew of the 9,000-ton Japanese liner *Bokuyo Maru* manning lifeboats when searching for survivors after the vessel had blown up in mid-Pacific while bound for Yokohama with a cargo of Chilean nitrate. Most of the lifeboats were destroyed by the explosion, but the majority of the passengers clung to the debris until aid came

IT'S AN OLD POLISH CUSTOM: When President Moscicki visited his summer residence at Spala he took part in a traditional ceremony which on every great estate is always held on the first day of the harvest. On entering the cornfield the President walked up to the labourers, doffed his hat, and said, "God be with your work." Immediately one of the men rushed forward and bound the President's arm with a sheaf of corn. To be freed he had to hand over a coin

AERIAL WAR OVER ENGLAND *And Other Aspects*

A DIFFICULT TASK FOR THE FIGHTERS: A formation of Westland Lysanders flying among the clouds when searching for the "enemy." During last week's large-scale exercises between Eastland and Westland forces the fighting and reconnaissance planes were at a disadvantage on account of weather conditions, and on several occasions the bombers won through to their objectives. Once over London, however, the bombers were in difficulties and, according to the umpires, numbers of them were brought down

FULFILLING A VITAL NEED: The R.A.F. wants all the training planes it can obtain, and this Miles Master No. 1, which has a top speed of over 260 m.p.h., is now being delivered to the service in large quantities. The rear seat is for the instructor, and the picture shows how he can sit in a raised position so that he can look over the pupil's head during landing operations and guard against any serious error

SERVICES CO-OPERATE: Airmen of No. 4 Squadron filling a parachute canister with machine-gun rounds for dropping on any infantry post that has signalled a shortage of ammunition. This function of the R.A.F. would have immense value in war time, possibly saving many a desperate situation. Every phase of co-operation between the ground and aerial forces is being increasingly studied by military authorities

WAITING THEIR TURN: Pilots of fighter and reconnaissance planes ready to leave Biggin Hill to intercept some of the big bombers which raided London during the mimic battle that raged over England on Wednesday and Thursday of

of R.A.F. Activity

last week. When they did make contact with raiders the fighters acquitted themselves well, but it often happened that the bombers hid in the clouds. *Below*—Bomb trains of this kind are used at the aerodromes for carrying ammunition to the planes

COMMERCIAL FLIGHT: *New Developments*

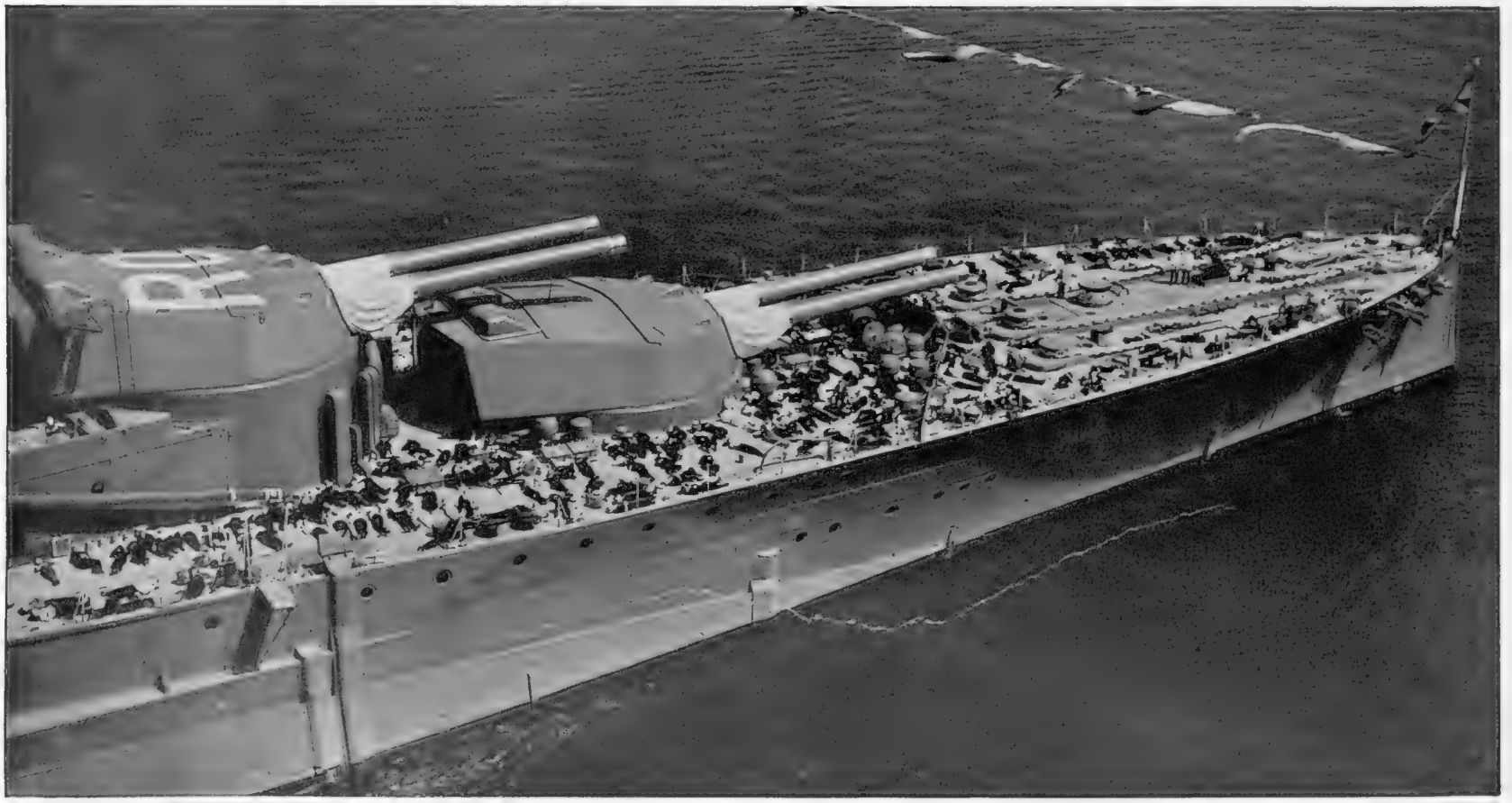
SURVEYING THE ATLANTIC ROUTE: The French flying boat *Ville de St. Pierre* at her moorings at Port Washington, Long Island, after completing one of a series of survey flights along the southern route via the Azores. At the moment America is leading the way in aerial transport across the Atlantic. Britain comes second, and France lags some distance behind. Her base at Biscarosse, near Bordeaux, is, however, proving of immense value in developing the service, and the American Clippers now land there regularly

STILL IMPROVING: This autogiro, known as the C.40, incorporates many notable improvements and when it was demonstrated recently at Hanworth Aerodrome it was revealed that it not only took off in a much more restricted space than any previous model but descended very nearly vertically, much in the manner of a helicopter. The Army and Navy are understood to be studying the type with close interest

MAKING AIR MAIL HISTORY: This autogiro, seen rising from the roof of the Central Post Office, Philadelphia, carries the mail in six minutes to the Central Airport, situated six miles away at Camden, thus saving thirty-four of the forty minutes which it takes to make the delivery by road. On the first trip over 40,000 separate covers were carried. Other big cities are planning to follow Philadelphia's lead

Reservists Give Spontaneous Cheers for the King

FORMALITY CAST ASIDE: Ratings in the *Effingham*, flagship of the Reserve Fleet, crowding the deck to acclaim the King as he passed by in the Royal barge. A picture that evidences the immense enthusiasm evoked by His Majesty's visit to the Reserve Fleet off Weymouth last week when he saw 133 ships manned by 12,000 reservists who have left their civil employment to spend eight weeks training at sea. At the end of the day one eye-witness declared: "The King's visit and his pronounced personal interest in the men and the ships have had a tonic-like effect impossible to describe. In the course of over thirty years' experience in the Navy, I have never observed more enthusiasm and readiness to face whatever may befall than is now being shown by all ranks and ratings"



RATINGS LAZING IN THE FORECASTLE OF H.M.S. "ROYAL OAK": An unusual picture of one of Britain's finest warships. From the structural point of view a notable feature is the immense length of the forepart of the vessel. The greater the length of a ship the faster will she travel without wasting power, while, in addition, the turrets can be placed well back where they will not be interfered with by spray and where they will impart balance to the hull

The Striking Power of the Navy's Torpedo Boats

WITH A STING FORE AND AFT: A picture taken in the English Channel as one of the Navy's latest torpedo boats demonstrated the simultaneous discharging of torpedoes while travelling at tremendous speed. It is easy to understand what a striking force these craft would represent in time of war and what a careful day and night watch capital ships would have to keep in order to ward off surprise attack. The torpedo boats sometimes carry depth charges and when co-operating together according to pre-arranged plan they can make sure of accounting for any submarine known to be submerged in a given area

WHEN AN AIRCRAFT DESIGNER BUILDS A YACHT the result is certain to be interesting, and there is no doubt that Mr. Anthony Fokker has achieved something very remarkable in this craft in which he is now cruising along the eastern seaboard of North America. Mr. Fokker has planned the boat in accordance with the most advanced aerodynamical ideas, giving it a deeply flared, long clipper bow which runs aft to a cruiser stern. The top of the wheelhouse is streamlined

THE SEARCH FOR WEALTH: Boring through the rock by hand preparatory to blasting operations. A scene in a small Australian gold working such as that discovered by the Carrott partners who have revealed the most astonishing values and have already made their fortunes

THE CARROTTS FIND GOLD

An Australian Prospector and His Son Extract Metal to the Value of £16,000 From a Mere 12 cwt. of Ore

By MICHAEL TERRY

FOLLOWING swiftly on the news of two rich finds of gold in Canada we have the report of a phenomenal discovery in Western Australia.

The first Canadian find was in the Yellow River region, near the Great Slave Lake, and towards it 10,000 people are said to be converging in a great rush as spectacular as one of those in the roaring days of the '80's.

The other Canadian find is at Dupartquet Norque near the great Golconda Mine. Assays from there value the gold content of the samples at about £980 per ton which, though surprisingly rich, happen to be put completely into the shade by the news from Western Australia.

A prospector named Carrott and his son have found perhaps the richest parcel of gold ever unearthed in Australia; possibly, for that matter, anywhere else. They have extracted gold to the value of £16,000 out of a mere 12 cwt. of ore, meaning that every pound weight of auriferous quartz which they have taken from their golden hole has been worth £12 to them. They may have "picked the eyes" out of the discovery, there may be a great deal more ore of this quality, there may be none, but for the purpose of comparison with Canada a ton of Carrott's reefstone would be worth the staggering sum of almost £27,000.

Already Carrott and his son have made £57,000 out of this freak vein and are, it is reported, about to sell it for another £30,000 to a company which proposes to develop the find into a mine.

This Western Australian golden hole lies some 140 miles north of Kalgoorlie, right out in the bush, away from any settlement or mining town, in virgin ground which the thousands of prospectors who scoured the goldfields in the hummingly busy days at the beginning of this century happened to miss.

About 400 miles north-east of Perth, now that the Carrotts have "struck it rich," hundreds of men are there to profit by the luck of their fellows-in-trade. For it is the exceptional position of the gold hunter, unique in his branch of human activity, that he has no competition. Man helps man to find gold because there is an unlimited market for the product at a recognised price.

A new find permits others to "peg alongside," that is to gain rights to adjacent ground in the belief that the new formation may extend into their claims or that intensive search will reveal similar deposits.

To acquire ownership of a claim is a simple matter. A stout wooden post, 6 ins. in diameter and 3 ft. above the ground, is embedded at a corner of the area which the miner desires. It is his datum peg, from which all measurements are made.

In the case of Western Australia, 24 acres can be pegged for each lease. Having tied a paper notice to the datum peg stating that at a certain hour (between sunrise and sunset, excepting Sunday) the ground has been "marked," and will be applied for to the mining warden, the miner paces 12 chains one way and 20 chains at right angles. At the end of each measurement he erects other pegs, and at the remaining corner, so that the boundaries of his ground are defined. The area can be less; it need not be rectangular, but if possible, for simplicity, the maximum rectangle is marked off.

Then a journey has to be made to the office of the warden in charge of the district and after payment of certain fees and the exhibition of a notice on the board outside his office, the lease becomes the property of the applicant when the warden in court has listened to objections, if any.

You may say that loopholes exist for unscrupulous persons to pull out pegs in favour of their own, but woe betide the "claim jumper" on a mining field. In this respect there is no more honourable fellow than the miner, but if a "shark" attempts to usurp the rights of somebody, a miner stands on a "working" and beats a panning dish. The noise of "ringing the dish" is the recognised signal for all to quit work and to assemble for an important meeting. The questions are short and pithy, the verdict is swiftly reached, and if not in favour of the alleged "shark," he is given an hour to strike camp. If he presumes not to travel for distant parts within that time he will have to face mob law.

Gold hunting methods fall within two categories. They are "loaming" and "knapping." The former is a comparatively recent type of search for hidden reefs, for gold-bearing rocks which are not exposed but which, through the course of years, have slightly disintegrated and shed a little of their gold. This mixes with the sand or soil covering them and can be traced by panning the soil. A trace in the dish prompts the prospector to dig a long trench, say 3 ft. deep, to expose the hidden rocks.

"Knapping" is simply hammering chips off reefs in the hope that gold will be seen or for the purpose of collecting samples to be tested for invisible auriferous content, spread like fine pepper through the stone. And therefore too "fine" to be seen even with a magnifying glass. Such a test is through the medium of the "dollypot," a cast-iron vessel in which, as in a pestle and mortar, the sample is reduced to powder. The gold, if any, can be separated by panning off in the same way as a "loam" is treated.

If the find is as rich as the one made by the Carrotts, it pays to "dolly" the stone, but usually the gold ore is taken by motor to the state battery

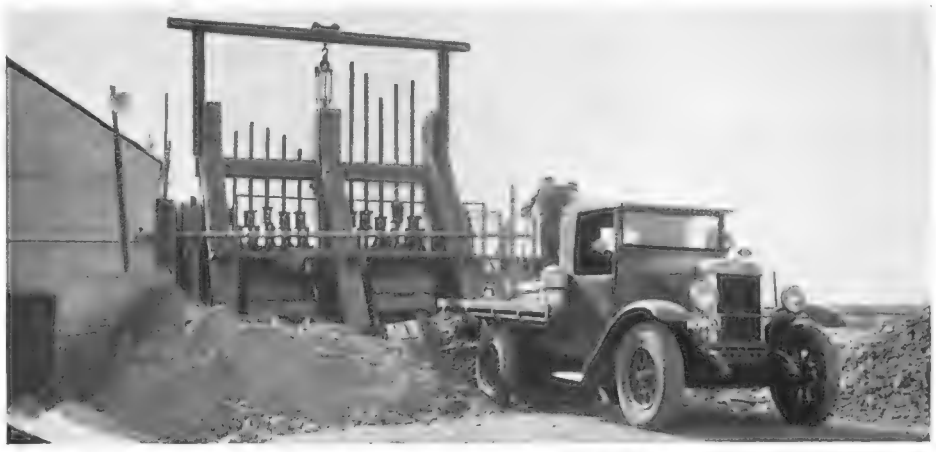
The Government of Western Australia have erected ore reduction plants at many places on their goldfields for the convenience of prospectors who cannot afford to set up their own batteries or for testing new finds. They have a "bedan pan" for treating unusually rich ore of the type just found, a revolving iron bowl in which a huge cannon-ball grinds the ore to powder in flowing water. Quicksilver in this bowl amalgamates with the gold thus liberated from its parent quartz or whatever rock it has favoured.

For ore of usual gold content the battery can be hired at an hourly charge or for so much a ton. If you have "soft" ore it pays to hire the battery as the ore will crush quickly. If it is hard the charge per ton pays best.

The ore is shovelled into hoppers which feed it automatically into the "box" where the "stamps" pulverise it in water and, having reduced it to a powder which will pass through a screen with 900 holes to the square inch, permit the ground rock to flow with water over copper plates covered with quicksilver. Here the affinity of gold with quicksilver results in it being caught almost as readily as iron filings are held by a magnet.

There are complications in the process, but the chief product is a ball of amalgam which, after the mercury has been driven off in a retort, leaves behind a "matt" of gold. This is smelted and sent to the bank, which transfers it to the Mint for refining, for separating the fine gold from silver, copper, or other impurities associated in the ore. Thus is obtained the ultimate product, the ounces of "fine" gold in which the markets of the world trade.

The latest figures place the Union of South Africa at the top of the list of countries producing gold, but it may be that Soviet Russia is the real leader.



IN THE WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLDFIELDS: One of a number of ore reduction plants erected by the State for the convenience of prospectors who cannot afford to set up their own batteries. Each prospector brings his ore by lorry and pays an hourly charge for using the battery

FOR TREATING EXCEPTIONALLY RICH ORE of the type found by the Carrott partners the "bedan pan" is much favoured. This consists of a revolving iron bowl in which a cannon-ball grinds the ore to powder in flowing water. The quicksilver in the bowl amalgamates with the gold

NAIADS OF THE NORTH

And Other News Out of Sweden

COOLING THEIR TOES: Girls of Stockholm are fascinated by the spray round the edge of the Vanadislunden swimming pool. This lido lies only a short distance from the centre of the city, and hosts of office workers delight to go there on hot days for a brief spell during the luncheon break

YOUTH TAKES THE SUN: A young bather basks at the rock-hewn lido at Vanadislunden, near Stockholm. The lido stands at the foot of a green-clad hill, and terraces have been dug there for the convenience of sunbathers. It is a first-rate place for the city worker who seldom has the time to get down to the sea

THE SWEDISH TROUBADOUR: The name of Carl Michael Bellman (1740–95) still awakes an eager response in the hearts of Stockholm's people and every year a procession of boats takes place on the city's waterways in honour of this poet and singer. *Left*—Gosta Kjellertz as Bellman, surrounded by others dressed to represent characters in his works, cruising along one of the lakes, and (*on right*) another party in a decorated boat. Bellman at first worked as a clerk, but his verse soon won him the favour of Gustavus III. Much of his poetry was extemporised, being sung to the lute, and it is recorded that when merely a child he developed his extraordinary gift of weaving wild thoughts together lyrically and singing airs of his own composition

TONDO CELEBRATE

RED-LETTER DAY: A band marches into the square in front of the Roman Catholic church in Tondo, the fishermen's quarter of the city of Manila, during the annual celebrations held to mark the Feast of St. Nino of Tondo. *Below*—Women of Tondo dressed in their best Spanish-style costumes when arriving to attend the feast-day service. *On right*—A typical carriage passing through Tondo's gay streets

ES :

Gay Scenes in the Poor Quarter of Manila as the Filipinos Mark the Feast of their Patron Saint in Characteristic Style

EVERYONE GOES TO TONDO on the day of the Feast of St. Nino and hosts of these old coaches of picturesque construction are parked in the main square while their owners set about the business of celebrating the great day, which starts off with prayer and culminates in a mighty torchlight procession

THE FAITHFUL FORGATHER : Filipino Roman Catholics climb the steps to the church of Tondo

Below—ROAST PIG IS THE DISH OF THE DAY and in the open street the animals are cooked whole for the delectation of the crowd whose appetite has been whetted by hours of activity and by the smell of the roasting meat. *On right*—Never absent on these occasions is the vendor of toy balloons. Each of his wares has a humorous device imprinted on it

"KLEINKUNSTBUEHNE"

HER CURLS ARE MADE OF WOOD SHAVINGS, BUT HER HEART IS IN THE THEATRE: This is Lona Cross, talented and enthusiastic member of the Austrian Theatre Club which has been formed recently in a Bayswater house and includes numerous refugees. The players, nearly all of whom have had stage experience, are exponents of what is known as the "Kleinkunstbuehne," a type of revue concentrating on wit or political satire and demanding no elaborate scenic effects. Their theatre—a converted drawing-room—holds audiences of about fifty, and the artistes speak "Refugee Deutsch" (i.e., German with a leavening of English)

LONA CROSS AS MADAME POMPADOUR in one of the bright sketches given by members of the Austrian Theatre Club at their miniature theatre in Bayswater. *On left*—Lona Cross pictured in her dressing room

On right—BEFORE CURTAIN RISE: Sylvia Steiner, keen exponent of "Kleinkunstbuehne," takes a last look at her part when about to appear in an Austrian Theatre Club production

"FIVE O'CLOCK IN HEAVEN" is the title of a typical sketch given by the Austrian Theatre Club which specialises in short satirical pieces, often with a semi-political theme. In this sketch Jaro Klueger takes the part of Julius Caesar, and (*above*) he is seen lighting a last cigarette in the green room before curtain rise. *Right*—The tea party in heaven with His Lordship (Sigurd Lohde) entertaining the three Immortals, Julius Caesar, Madame Pompadour, and Frederick the Great, whom he has invited to discuss recent events on earth Austrians have always enjoyed this kind of show and for the many refugees who are now in London the Theatre Club in a measure restores part of the intellectual life that was so ruthlessly cut short by the German invasion of their land

ENGLISH ARTISTS INSPIRED BY THE ITALIAN SCENE: An Important Exhibition

QUITE one of the most interesting exhibitions in London at the moment is the collection of Italian landscapes by British water-colour artists now showing in Room 82 of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The exhibition consists of water-colours of Italian landscapes made by British artists working from about the period of the middle of the eighteenth century, and its particular interest lies in that it covers a time when the grand tour was a necessary finish to the education of every wealthy Englishman.

These seekers of knowledge and refinement set out on their informative travels accompanied by an extensive retinue which often included a rather expensive substitute for the modern camera—the artist. His task it was to record the beauties of the places visited, in return for his keep and the heaven-sent opportunity of studying the works of the great Italian painters. The usual procedure was for the artist to make hasty sketches on the spot, and then later employ himself in bringing to life these elegant records of acquired knowledge, not only in one finished painting, but several, so that his patron might have the opportunity of making gifts—of records of the beauty spots he had seen—to his friends and relations.

"ARCH OF CONSTANTINE," BY SAMUEL PROUT: This is one of the many outstanding pictures in the Exhibition of Italian Landscapes by British Water-colour Artists now taking place in Room 82 at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was through his visits to the Continent that Prout developed his great talent for portraying picturesque architectural subjects

"THE PONTE VECCHIO AT FLORENCE," BY HOLMAN HUNT: Another fine picture in the Exhibition of Italian Landscapes which is arousing such attention at the Victoria and Albert Museum

Naturally, not all the British artists who visited Italy in the eighteenth century went in the trains of dilettanti gentlemen, but such well-known names as John Robert Cozens, William Pars, and John "Warwick" Smith can be included amongst them. The exhibition covers also the nineteenth century and finishes with paintings by Tuke, Tonks and Russell Flint.

Silver toys, porcelain figures, an important fourteenth-century ivory group, and a delicate eighteenth-century "Piece of Flowers" in wax, appear amongst this month's recent acquisitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The ivory group—"St. Martin Dividing his Cloak with a Beggar"—is a very beautiful and rare specimen, and is of particular interest for several reasons. Scenes from the lives of the saints are rarely found on ivory carvings of the Gothic period, and similar rounded groups are almost unknown, although there are still in existence some ivory reliefs, one of which is in the British Museum.

"ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR": This fourteenth-century ivory—a recent and highly valuable acquisition at the Victoria and Albert Museum—commands more than ordinary attention in view of the fact that incidents in the lives of the saints are very rarely depicted in ivory work of the Gothic period

The Paris workshops produced the largest proportion of French sixteenth-century ivory carvings, but the present group shows peculiarities of style which definitely exclude it from amongst these works. It is thought probable that it may have been the work of an eastern French or even a Rhenish craftsman, but whoever the artist, he certainly left us a valuable record of his work in this little group.

The collection of silver toys, partly Dutch and partly English and made during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was given by Miss Mabel F. Booth, after being on loan to the museum for some considerable period.

The largest piece is the elegant silver kettle standing not more than 4 ins. in height; it dwarfs the fragile 1½-in. chains. Their interest is not confined to illustrating the playthings of our ancestors, for many of them are carefully finished models of fashionable pieces of plate which are still lacking in the museum's collection of full-sized examples.

The two Limbach figures, symbolical of the seasons, winter and summer, have been presented to the department of ceramics by the Hon. Robert W. E. Cecil.

Such figures as were made at the Thuringian factories—from whence these come—show little sculptural accomplishment, but have a considerable charm and a certain naïveté.

Iris Brooke

£1,000,000 SPENT ON ART:

A Good Summer Turnover in the London Salerooms

SOMEWHAT surprisingly, in view of general conditions, the season in the salerooms of London has revealed remarkable financial strength in the world of art. There has been a turnover of nearly £1,000,000, and, moreover, several pictures have achieved record prices.

The highest amount given for any picture this season was for Pieter Breughel's "A Hilly River Scene with the Flight into Egypt," mentioned in THE SPHERE on July 15. This picture has a story which makes all "picture-spotters" excited. It was bought at a country sale by a retired admiral for £5. He showed his prize to several art specialists and finally sold this small panel to the late Mr. Frank Holbrooke of Bladon Castle, Burton-on-Trent, for £700.

SOLD FOR 2,400 GUINEAS: Reynolds' portrait of the Hon. Augustus Keppel, R.N. (later Admiral Keppel), was auctioned at Christie's on May 5 for this highly satisfactory sum in view of current conditions. Throughout the summer saleroom prices have remained quite remarkably buoyant

When he died Mrs. Holbrooke offered the picture as a gift to the National Gallery of Scotland with the specific condition that it should be acknowledged as the work of Pieter Breughel. The gallery authorities were only prepared to accept it as "of the school of Breughel" as its authenticity had not been proved. Their natural caution lost the gallery the picture, which was retained by Mrs. Holbrooke till her death, when it appeared at Christie's on July 14. On this occasion it was accompanied by a certificate from Dr. Gustav Gluck, the great authority on Breughel, who asserted that it was "a genuine and characteristic work" by the master. It was bought by Colnaghi for £8,190, and the purchaser has since discovered, by cleaning off some of the grime, the all-important signature of the Flemish painter.

THE OBJECT OF EAGER BIDDING: Goya's portrait of the Spanish actress Dona Antonia Zarate realised £6,800 at Sotheby's last month

A record price was obtained for a portrait by Goya (1746–1828) of the Spanish actress, Dona Antonia Zarate, which reached £6,800, the previous record having been £3,465. It was a striking picture, painted with the vitality which Goya put into all his paintings. He once declared that nature was a much better guide than Raphael. "I find that neither lines nor colour exist in nature—only light and shade."

A landscape by Cezanne, "Montaigne St. Victoire," achieved £4,200, also a record for the post-impressionist artist. Van Gogh ran him close, when £4,000 was given for "Olive Trees," a picture which had been in the Gogh-Bonger collection in Amsterdam. This was the highest price ever given for a Van Gogh in London. His pictures have proved a blessing to dealers.

Our own artists also obtained very good prices. The record price obtained for Whistler's "At the Piano" of 6,100 guineas was noted in a previous number of THE SPHERE. Two portraits by Romney, of Sir Robert Shore Milnes and his charming wife, were sold for 7,200 guineas in July, and at Lord Rosebery's sale early in May, two portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds—of Miss Theophila Palmer and of the Hon. Augustus Keppel—realised 2,400 guineas each.

Some pictures showed a decline in price. Gainsborough's portrait of Lady Clarges fell at £1,575, whereas in 1895 it was sold for £2,100. But Zoffany's picture of Bickerstaff's play *Love in a Village* had a somewhat catastrophic fall from its previous price in 1929 of 1,700 guineas, to a bid of 230 guineas.

The MS. of Dickens's *Life of Our Lord*, which he had written for his own children with no intention of publication, had remained in the family for just upon 100 years, and came at last into public view at Sotheby's on July 25. It consisted of forty-six pages written by Dickens himself and was eagerly fought over, as it was the longest MS. penned by the famous novelist to appear in the auction room. Mr. Philip Rosenbach, brother of the well-known Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, purchased it for £1,400, after a struggle with Miss Gladys Storey, who had intended to present it to the British Museum if she had been successful. At the price it seemed to be a definite bargain.

B. Home

£4,000 FOR A VAN GOGH: "Olive Trees," a picture belonging to the artist's St. Remy period, which was sold at the same sale as the Goya reproduced above

How the L.C.C. Round

PART OF THE EXISTING STRAND ROUNDABOUT: A view showing the Aldwych and just discernible on the left Inveresk House, former offices of "The Sphere" and associated publications. Under the County Council's new and grandiose scheme Inveresk House, which is comparatively modern, is to be demolished as also will be the neighbouring Lyceum. *Below*—The eastern end of the Aldwych

THE STATELY THOROUGHFARE WE KNOW: This drawing shows the present aspect of the Strand looking west towards the Nelson Column. Few people would deny the fineness of this vista and many will regret to hear that the view may in the near future be ruined by

THE STRAND CUT IN TWO: This drawing shows what one would see looking westward down the Strand if the London County Council completed its proposed traffic roundabout and built, upon the island site so created, a block of shops and offices in the conventional modern style. The magnificent view in the top picture would have vanished, and it is

ABOUT SCHEME MAY MAR THE STRAND VISTAS

Creating an Island Site, which, if Built Upon, Would Obscure the Whole View

the plans of the London County Council which proposes to make a giant traffic roundabout at the point where the northern approach to Waterloo Bridge meets the Strand

LAST May Londoners first heard of the London County Council's grandiose plan for creating a giant traffic roundabout at the point where the northern approach to Waterloo Bridge meets the Strand.

Everyone was surprised at the magnitude of the undertaking, involving as it does the outlay of over £2,000,000 on the purchase of property alone and the demolition of Inveresk House and the Lyceum block, but it was not until Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., wrote a letter to the press that the full potentialities of the scheme began to dawn upon the public.

Sir Reginald made it clear in his letter that if a block of offices were erected on the island site within the roundabout the vistas of the Strand, both east and west, would

doubtful if any advantage would have been obtained commensurate with the enormous outlay, estimated at about £2,200,000, for the purchase of property alone. There is considerable opposition to the scheme

Drawings by D. Macpherson

ANOTHER DISTURBING CONTRAST: To look eastwards along the Strand (*left*) towards the twin churches with their towers silhouetted against the sky is to behold one of London's pleasantest views. If, however, the London County Council erects a block of offices on the island site created by its new traffic roundabout the view will be very different and, indeed, may appear much as Mr. Macpherson visualises it in his drawing (*on right*). In order to make way for the roundabout the Lyceum block and other buildings will have to be demolished

THE STRAND VIEWED FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE: The famous bottle-neck

be completely destroyed and that this famous thoroughfare, so beloved of Londoners, would inevitably forfeit its character.

That Sir Reginald's warning is only too well founded on reality is evidenced by the accompanying drawings which have been specially made for THE SPHERE by Douglas Macpherson in order to show how the building would at one and the same time dominate the Strand and obscure the view.

At the time of writing, the London County Council has not declared outright that it intends to build upon the island site, but if the Council maintains the site as an open space it will probably be subject to intense criticism from those who are opposed to the whole scheme from the financial viewpoint. With no building upon the site the loss in rents would be enormous, and it is possible that, with fire directed upon it from two quarters, the L.C.C. might be wise in reconsidering the original plan.

In this connection readers of THE SPHERE may recall two articles by Alexander Watt entitled "Paris Guards Her Silhouette." Mr. Watt described in detail how vandalistic attacks upon the architecture of the French capital are now impossible on account of the organisations charged with the task of controlling building enterprise. That organisations of the same character would not be amiss in London is becoming increasingly apparent.

HATS ARE NOW WORN

No Longer Do They Perch Precariously, but They Sit Firmly on the Head

If your hat is shallow, and some of them are, you may be sure that it will be anchored firmly to your head by a snood or scarf that covers most of your hair. And that is something to be grateful for when windy autumn days are on the way.

On the right is a bowl-shaped black felt hat with a Beefeater crown patterned with panne velvet, which is drawn over the brim and forms a long-ended snood at the back. It gives a trim line and is extraordinarily comfortable to wear.

If you want a fur coat that is low in price but ranks high in chic, that worn by the girl on the right is the one for you. It is of civet cat with glossy skunk sleeves, the lyre-like marking standing out boldly in white. It hangs almost straight from the wide shoulders, and has a buoyant swagger that is irresistible.

The girl below wears a three-quarter length mink coat which also comes from Harrods. It is light in weight, very dark in colour, and perfectly stranded, and it is one of the large range of mink coats that are to be obtained there at remarkably advantageous prices.

Hats are decidedly less frivolous than they were in the summer, but they are still apt to sport a flash of brilliant colour. They are less fantastic in shape but no more sober in their general views.

Burgundy-coloured proofed felt is used for the hat below, the crown sloping steeply like the eaves of a cottage, and a twist of vividly striped bayadere ribbon looped at the front. These two hats come from Harrods.

A Beefeater Crown and a Velvet Snood

The Breton sailor, in many different guises, goes on for ever, perhaps because it is so gracious and so universally flattering.

Here it is in black felt trimmed with soft velvet ribbon. It comes from Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, where it can be copied in any colour you like.

STATE OCCASIONS

In Belgium — Luxembourg — Mozambique

THE BELGIAN ROYAL CHILDREN VISIT LIEGE: Crown Prince Baudouin, Duke of Brabant, Prince Albert of Liége, and Princess Josephine Charlotte arriving to watch their father unveil a statue to their grandfather, the late King Albert, at the junction of the Meuse and the new Albert Canal

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT IN LUXEMBOURG: M. and Madame Lebrun, who paid a State visit to the Grand Duchy at the beginning of the month, pictured with the Grand Duchess Charlotte, Luxembourg's hereditary ruler, Prince Jean, the heir apparent, who is seen standing next to the Grand Duchess, and the five younger children

On right— **FASHION IN MOZAMBIQUE:** Some of the guests who attended one of the big garden parties given to mark the visit of General Carmona, the Portuguese President, to Portugal's East African colony. The President's tour of the colony, which has brought him into contact with all sections of the community, Indian and African as well as European, is being followed by a tour of Angola, the Portuguese possession on the western seaboard of Africa, and a short stay in Madeira, Portugal's wealthy island domain

A TALE OF THE 1870's: The Duchess (Martita Hunt), the brewer's daughter (Meriel Forbes), and her brewer father (Felix Aylmer) are ready for the wedding, but the heir to the dukedom (Griffith Jones) infinitely prefers Ada (Anna Lee), the showgirl, with whom he is seen *on left*. They are in the film *Young Man's Fancy*, which was presented this week at Leicester Square Theatre

THE Malvern Festival, which, by the way, has come round again with disconcerting swiftness (for it does not seem twelve weeks, let alone twelve months, since I was last here), is as conservative as Lord Baldwin, whose spirit looms influentially in the neighbourhood though his body is at present in America. The hills seem to have grown steeper and the weather worse, but otherwise there is little change. There is the same genial welcome from Captain Roy Limbert, the same official reception to meet the local big-wigs, the same discussion among the visitors as to the comparative merits of the various hotels. And, of course, a Shaw play and a Bridie play.

For the critics, however, there is a new problem —what to do in the evenings; for this year matinee performances are arranged to suit their convenience, and in the case of the hired slaves of the daily papers a mighty fine convenience this is. There is, with all due respect to a delightful town, precious little for the stranger's delectation in Malvern o' nights, not even an organ recital at the Abbey Church. The difference between Malvern and Copenhagen, which I visited last month for the Hamlet celebrations, is that the latter is geographically flat but nocturnally and figuratively the very reverse, while the former is mostly built at an angle of forty-five degrees, but in other respects preserves a dead and even dull level of respectability. Some more adventurous souls plunged, I believe, into the wild night-life of Worcester and Tewkesbury. I was content, and well content, to sample the original joy of a ten o'clock bed-time. There is, at any rate, plenty of opportunity in Malvern to make up arrears of sleep.

"What Say They?"—If certain of those who attended the first performance of the Festival made up some of those arrears of sleep in the course of that afternoon it would be difficult to blame them. Dr. James Bridie could not, I believe, write a bad play if he tried, and his *Tobias and the Angel* (revived last week in Regent's Park) is a play of remarkable depth and beauty, one of the few modern masterpieces. But in his newest effort, *What Say They?*, he has shown that he can write rather a dull one. It has been stated that this play reads better than it acts. That may very well be so; I have not read it. But on the stage it seems to be a joke which does not quite come off and would not, perhaps, be a very good joke even if it did.

The serious theme underlying it, which may be the main theme, is that puritanical smugness is a damnable thing and should be ridiculed out of existence. Quite so. In this case the process is not particularly amusing.

A further fault is that the scope is limited and the atmosphere, which I do not doubt is authentic, is calculated to appeal fully only to the initiated. The scene is a Scottish university, and the author, as a Scot, is, of course, fully cognisant of Scottish universities and their little, or, if you like, their great, ways. There are obviously many points in his play which will tickle immensely those who have studied at Scottish universities, and if there is a sufficient number of such folk to laugh Dr. Bridie's play into a big success when, and if, it is produced in London, so much the better. As one who is not among that number I felt a little "out of it."

This does not rule out any play about any university. *Charley's Aunt* years ago became world-famous as a laughter-maker and still bears revival. But that is because it was intrinsically funny and still is (though it dates a bit), and not because it happens to be about the pranks of undergraduates. The defeat of that nasty hypocrite in *What Say They?*, Professor Hayman—a super-Pecksniff with a touch of Uriah Heep—was interesting mainly because Mr. Alastair Sim played the part immaculately. The character of Dan, the gate-porter who was the Professor's mortal enemy, and who turned out to be a mixture of Dr. Gogarty and the late W. B. Yeats in disguise, was as preposterous as his sudden election as Lord Rector of the University; that fine actor, Mr. Cecil Trouncer (made up as Thomas Carlyle), did not seem to be very happy about him and did not for a moment give the impression that this was an Irishman.

What Miss Yvonne Arnaud was doing in this play at all Heaven alone knows, though everyone must have been thankful for her presence. Her essential Frenchness was somewhat thinly as well as unnecessarily explained by the announcement (she was supposed to be the Irish Dan's niece) that she had some French blood in her veins. What was even more obvious was that she has the essence of comedy in her very soul. She lifted into some semblance of fun situations which must have tried her resources pretty hard.

THE BLAND POLITICIAN: Norman Wooland as Professor Ping and Margery Pickard as Miss Willow in *The Professor from Peking*, the second of the series of new plays being given at this year's Malvern Festival

A DIPLOMAT'S PLAY IN THE PINERO MANNER: Ronald Ward, as Sir Victor Blayde, the waster, and Eileen Beldon, as Mrs. Carr-Hamilton, in *Dead Heat*, Sir Robert Vansittart's Malvern Festival play, which is reviewed on this page

"Dead Heat."—Sir Robert Vansittart has had plays produced in London, but is, I think, a newcomer to Malvern. His comedy, *Dead Heat*, suggested Oscar Wilde rather out of his usual form or Pinero in his lighter vein but not altogether happy about it. That is to say, there was more than a touch of the St. James's Theatre in the '90's, with a butler making his appearance before anyone else, to be followed by such characters as Lord Farnleigh, Lady Farnleigh, Sir Victor Blayde, Bt., Colonel Carr-Hamilton, M.P., Lady Carruthers, and the Hon. Tom Cobleigh and all. Now I would sooner see that crew on the stage, with a luxurious country house as a background, than shabby

On Stage and Screen

MALVERN 1939

The First Three Plays of the Annual Festival Reviewed

BY PHILIP PAGE

TOILERS OF THE OPEN AIR THEATRE: One of the numerous ballet scenes which have given delight to audiences at Regent's Park this summer and which have been presented under such incredible difficulties on account of the unseasonable weather. *On left*—Leslie French, as Puck, with Gerd Larsen in a charming scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

inhabitants of dingy apartments, not for any snobbish reasons but because, *ceteris paribus*, so-called smart people are less depressing as well as, usually, more decorative than the uncompromisingly unsmart. But the proviso is important.

The play, if it is a comedy (and as such this one is labelled), must be smart too. Sir Robert has some bright lines here and there, but rarely gets beyond the semi-smart. Some of his humour seemed completely incomprehensible; why, for instance, there should have been some laughs at the remark "I am going to Sussex —at least, to Hove, if you can call that Sussex" will always remain for me one of the minor mysteries of the theatre. And the wit seldom rose much above that.

Even more difficult, if that be possible, to comprehend was what this play was about. It seems that the above-mentioned political colonel had been found out in some infidelity by his wife. Why did the pair of them talk over the details of it, and the possibility of divorce, with Lord Farnleigh and his mother, whom they did not know very well and with whom they were not even on Christian names terms? Lord Farnleigh, admirably played by Mr. Stuart Lindsell, had a pretty daughter, Sheila, who was engaged to one Christopher Carruthers.

Why did they go to Brighton "in sin" with, apparently, his lordship's blessing? Why did Carruthers and Sir Victor Blayde, who had just touched him for £50, have a fight and knock most of the furniture over? Why was Lord Farnleigh visited by a fat, vulgar woman who had been his mistress thirty years before? Why (and this is a question asked with a deep sense of disappointment) was that great artist, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, wasting her time over a silly, shadowy part? Why did the Malvern Theatre authorities, to whom the gratitude of all of us is due for much splendid work in the past and for invaluable services to the theatre generally, waste their time, money, and trouble in producing this play? Why, for that matter, did Sir Robert write it? Why? Why? Why?

I cannot pretend to answer. But I would be willing to answer for the future career of Miss Rosemary Scott, who played Sheila with quite extraordinary cleverness and charm.

"The Professor from Peking." — For a Chinese author to write plays in English, to have them produced in England, and to have achieved an outstanding success with one of them, in London and also in New York, is a very considerable feat, on which Mr. H. S. Hsiung is to be congratulated. He is to be congratulated also on having had his *The Professor from Peking* chosen for the Malvern Festival. I am wondering how many British dramatists have written plays in Chinese and have had them acted by Chinese players during a theatre festival at, say, Hankow (if they have such things at Hankow, or anywhere else in China). So far, so good for Mr. Hsiung; he is not likely to go down to posterity unwept, unhonoured, and un-hsiung.

Another thing this author has achieved — small, perhaps, in comparison, yet not wholly unimportant. He has gone a long way towards killing, if, indeed, he has not killed stone dead, that ridiculous convention of the English theatre, the stage Chinaman. This odd being was no more like the real Chinaman than the real Irishman is an immensely jolly and kindly fellow, bubbling over with jokes and geniality, with knee breeches, a cutty pipe stuck in his hat, and waving a shillelagh and shouting "the top o' the marnin' to yez!"

For years we were accustomed to see, mostly at our musical-comedy theatres, a Chinaman (according to English comedians) as a dwarfish person with thick soles to his shoes, a comical waddle, his forefingers pointing heavenwards, his usual occupation the taking in of laundry, and possessed of no dignity whatsoever. I do not say that all Chinamen are dignified, but I do say that a large percentage of them are, that very many are tall, wise and rather solemn, and that they are not eternally doing quaint things with fans and forefingers.

In Mr. Hsiung's play there are no comic Chinamen. There is nothing comical about it at all, which, perhaps, is rather a pity, for it is decidedly heavy going. It is very long, very wordy, and lacking in dramatic force. The central figure, Professor Chang, devotes most of the period of nearly twenty years over which the play is spread to dallying with women and politics. From all appearances he was not particularly successful in either occupation. In 1919 his wife walked out on him and returned to be shot at his feet by a murderer in 1937. In 1927 he was living with a Miss Rainbow Wang, who rummaged among his private papers and got well spanked for her curiosity. In 1937 (just before his wife returned) he was busy, between intervals of telephoning in his capacity as a prominent politician, trying to kiss his pretty stenographer, who just wasn't having any.

The political aspect I will not attempt to describe beyond stating that Chang was a member of the Chinese Communist Party, which he appeared to be ready to desert at any moment.

The play is not at all convincing in any of its aspects, but it has both dignity and authenticity.

PASSION FILM: Gregory Stroud (Simon), Michael Osler (John) and Josephine Wilson (Mary Magdalene) in *The First Easter*, a G.H.W. production directed by Captain Norman Walker. The picture is to be shown largely in churches and institutes and may possibly be seen in prisons

"ON THE ROAD TO CRICKHOWELL": This is one of Joseph McCulloch's pen and ink drawings for S. P. B. Mais' book *Highways and Byways in the Welsh Marches* which has just been published by Macmillan and Co. In his usual glowing style the author describes the magnificent stretch of country from Roman Chester in the north to industrial Cardiff on the Severn shore

A COBBLED STREET IN THAXTED: A drawing by S. R. Badmin in *Highways and Byways in Essex* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), a companion volume to that noted above

BEN NEVIS FROM BANAVIE: One of the many striking photographs by the author in Donald B. MacCulloch's new travel book *Romantic Lochaber* (The Moray Press. 10s. 6d.) in which he describes this lovely part of the highlands which is so closely associated with Jacobite romance

The World of Books

MONTROSE AND HIS SPIRITED BRIDE

Margaret Irwin's Romantic Historical Novel—The Unconventional Louise

By VERNON FANE

MISS MARGARET IRWIN'S new novel, THE BRIDE (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.), is in some sort a sequel to her other seventeenth-century stories of Rupert and Charles I, though it has more of the compactness of the true novel form than these earlier books. This is partly due to the relatively brief period of time Miss Irwin has chosen for her action, beginning the story soon after the execution of Charles I and ending with Montrose's death on the gallows little more than a year later.

But first and foremost this is a love story, since it concerns the betrothal of Montrose to the Princess Louise, daughter of the Queen of Bohemia and sister to the gallant Rupert. Montrose had been married before for many years, but his wife had died by the time he came to the court of the exiles in Holland, and met the brilliant, unconventional young woman, to whom rumour had already ascribed several affairs of the heart.

Louise had much of the reckless courage of her older brother, and it may have been this quality which first attracted the Marquis of Montrose, himself the hero of so many valiant feats of arms. He was, by the reckoning of those more stringent days, a man already past the prime of life, a man who had known defeat as well as triumph and who had lost the nerveless physical bravery of the very young; but his spirit remained as staunch, and only a few days after his betrothal he was to leave on a last desperate attempt to raise Scotland for the King.

The hardships he suffered during this expedition might well have cost him his life, even if it had not been betrayed by the MacLeods of Assynt, whose cupidity led to the arrest of Montrose while he was ostensibly a guest in the MacLeod castle. During this time Louise was helpless, with her mother and sisters in Holland, hearing nothing of him for weeks at a time, until the final, tragic news of his execution. It had been a strange, unlover-like courtship, and it led to a strange and unhappy climax, for Louise, too, had soldier's blood in her veins, and to be forced to sit inactive hundreds of miles from the country where her man was fighting his last desperate battle against defeat and treachery must have been a kind of martyrdom for her.

After Montrose's death Louise became a nun, and eventually, in her old age, Abbess of Maubuisson, in France, and that is where the epilogue finds her, still as vivid, still as uncompromising, and finding a sardonic amusement in entertaining her sister Sophia, who, having failed to land Charles II, had contented herself with marrying the Elector of Hanover.

Miss Irwin's material is so rich in itself that she has not embroidered it, leaving the story to speak for itself, and presenting it in its magnificently dramatic simplicity. Her historic sense we know to be unerring, and if one had a fault to find it would be that there is something a little tired about the telling, as when a wonderful but familiar story is told too often.

M. Norbert Casteret is a young Frenchman who pursues one of the most fascinating of vocations. For some years now he has set himself the task, at considerable risk to his own safety, of exploring the underground caverns on the French side of the Pyrenees. In this way he has made the important discoveries of prehistoric cave dwellings, including wall drawings and sculpture as complete as those in the famous Altamira caves.

TEN YEARS UNDER THE EARTH (Dent. 12s. 6d.) is M. Casteret's own account of some of his more startling adventures. It seems to be a commonplace of subterranean exploration that underground rivers have to be swum, generally upstream, always in pitch darkness, and often with a rock ceiling so low that the swimmer has to remain entirely submerged for 100 ft. at a time.

Added to this there is the constant danger of pockets of poison gas, the hazards of concealed chasms and the fear of bad air and sudden landslides to block the return journey. It is not, in a word, an occupation for anyone suffering from claustrophobia, but given the stamina and the determination it must be extremely exciting, and it is small wonder that, after his sensational discoveries in 1923, M. Casteret should never have lost his enthusiasm.

In that year, M. Casteret, who was exploring the Grotte de Montespan in the Pyrenean country, risked his life in penetrating farther into these caverns than anyone had deemed humanly possible. His reward was the discovery of a vast chamber, a kind of underground museum of sculpture, in which he found statues which are now held to be the oldest in the world. They had in most cases been preserved by limestone deposits, and were amazingly complete. The figure of a headless bear and three lions, these last carved in high relief, are the most sensational of these, and they have since proved of first importance to scientists and archæologists, who have been trying to determine the age of these cave habitations and the conditions under which their dwellers existed.

M. Casteret, whose book has been ably translated by Mr. Barrows Mussey, is inclined to make light of his expeditions, but it does not take a very remarkable imagination to picture some of the hazards he must face, or some of the thrill of achievement which his discoveries must bring him.

In considering Mr. Leo Walmsley's work one should be prepared to dismiss from one's mind such problems as whether it is intended to take the form of a novel or to be biography, or whether in fact it is not autobiography, pure and simple. These tiresome considerations must be dismissed because they might spoil one's enjoyment of the book, and that would be a pity. Obviously this author's books do not follow the pattern which we have learned to regard as the novel form, because they lack one essential for that: they have no plot.

Nor, one might argue, has life, which is diffuse and inconsequential and unexpected and only rarely dramatic. Is it then autobiography that Mr. Walmsley is attempting, when he sets down, with surely more sympathetic a pen than a third-hand observer might be expected to use, the exploits of a man and a woman trying to make a life for themselves in an old hut in a Cornish cove?

It scarcely matters. What matters is the quality of what the author has written, and his ability to move and interest the reader. LOVE IN THE SUN (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is, though I find the title a little clumsy, an exceedingly pleasant book to read, particularly for those who know Mr. Walmsley's Bramblewick books, though it is not intended, I imagine, as a sequel, except that it concerns the same man.

In this story the rugged Yorkshire fishing village is far away, with its bitter north-east gales and its dangerous seas. The man has come to Cornwall with his beloved Dain, and together they must find somewhere to live in peace and such security as a fluctuating income of £1 to £2 a week will give them. They rent a disused hut on the shores of a tidal river creek, and there they make a garden, build a boat, write, fish, sail, and welcome their first child into the world.

As you see, the book has no form; time passes and seasons change, but there is no beginning, middle or end to the story. Perhaps it is still being lived, and if it is the reader can only smile, wish them luck and—wait for the next book.

With contemporary fiction to help me I am getting to know my American Civil War moderately well, even to the characters of its commanders and the aspirations of its soldiers. Mr. Maurice Griffiths, however, takes the educative process a step farther, or should it be a step back, and demonstrates the kind of life that existed in the southern states before that war.

NO SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN (Rich and Cowan. 10s. 6d.) has two great virtues: its author is quite patently well informed on his subject, he risks no anachronisms and the scene he depicts soon takes on the exact detail and colouring of a Currier and Ives print; secondly, he has a satirical sense of fun.

Roscoe Torrence, the book's principal character, is an English doctor, travelling, as the story opens, to South America on research work, a few years before the outbreak of the war. His ship, "one of the largest iron paddle steamers afloat," catches fire in mid-Atlantic, and he and a steward are the only survivors. They are picked up by a slave ship which is the scene of many horrors, and is finally devastated by the plague, from which every single member of the black cargo dies. Within sight of land Roscoe sets fire to the now deserted ship and takes to the boat. He arrives in New Orleans at length with a horror of slavery which is never to leave him.

He abandons the South American trip and is soon by the oddest but yet credible series of chances part owner of a Mississippi steamboat. In this guise he has yet another adventure and rescues a man from a rival steamboat which has broken in half on a shoal and is burning fiercely in midstream. The rescued man proves to be a great local landowner and Roscoe is asked to his home and invited to stay indefinitely with that true southern hospitality which must have rivalled the Spanish.

Still in the southern tradition the colonel has two beautiful and high-spirited daughters, and it is here that the author shows his mettle, for, although he allows his hero to fall hopelessly in love with one of them, he never permits him to lose his sense of proportion, or to take a more than highly sceptical view of southern gallantry, by whose code a boy of twenty might die in a duel fought over a triviality.

(Continued on page 300)

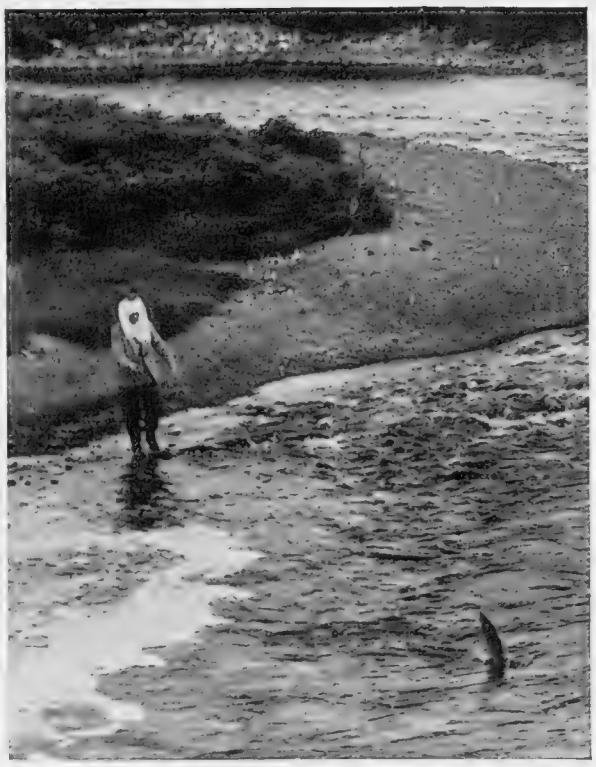
A LAST LOOK AT THE NEWS

THE BORROWED MASTERPIECE: Watteau's famous picture "L'Indifference" which disappeared from the Louvre on June 11 and has now been returned in sensational style by M. Serge Claude Bogousslavsky, a twenty-five-year-old artist, who declares that he took it because he was "mortified by the way it was restored." The face, the left leg and the coat of the figure, he said, had been clumsily touched up, while certain unnecessary details had been added to the original. M. Bogousslavsky altered the picture at his home and also studied it to help in the completion of his book on *Poor Restorations*

A SOURCE OF EVIDENCE: This engraving (in reverse) from Watteau's "L'Indifference" was on sale in 1729, six years after the artist's death, and it is in all probability being employed by the authorities to determine if M. Bogousslavsky is right in his contention that unwarranted additions have been made to the picture

THE BORROWED WATTEAU

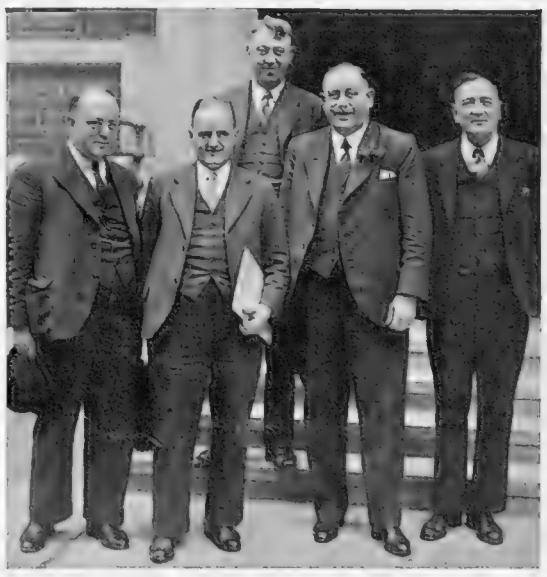
Below—"AS FOR GOING TO PRISON IT IS TO ME A MATTER OF—INDIFFERENCE," declared M. Bogousslavsky (centre), borrower of the Watteau masterpiece, as he showed the picture to the press on calling at the Palais de Justice in Paris to hand it over to the authorities



GUARDING AGAINST AERIAL ATTACK! Mr. Chamberlain wearing an anti-midge veil while fishing in the waters of the River Laxford during his stay at Lochmore Lodge, Sutherland, as the guest of the Duke of Westminster. The Premier has been enjoying good sport, and he is here seen engaged in a battle with a large salmon

IF THE TRADERS HAD ONLY KNOWN: Mrs. James Cromwell (right), American tobacco heiress and reputedly the world's richest girl, visited London's Caledonian Market a few days ago and, being incognito, she doubtless was able to secure some first-rate bargains

"THIS MUST STOP" EMPHATICALLY DECLARES A NEW SPANISH DECREE ordering no further fraternisation between Spanish "Guardia" and British police at the frontier gates between Gibraltar and the Spanish border town of La Linea



SEEKING A MILLION: Mr. J. H. Potts (second from left), President of the National Union of Railwaymen, seen with his colleagues at Fielden House, Westminster, where they have been negotiating with the railway general managers for a 50s. minimum wage in place of the 45s. which was recently conceded. The N.U.R. claims would cost the companies more than £1,000,000 yearly. The critical decision will be taken during next week

IN TOWN are Mr. John C. Wilson, Noel Coward's business associate, and his wife, the former Princess Natalie Paley. They are pictured at Paddington on leaving the *Ile de France* boat train

OSTEND AS A TRAVEL CENTRE: Fishing boats in the harbour of this port where so many people make their headquarters when planning to see something of Belgium. This is a good time to go as there are now numerous festivals taking place

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

PAGEANTS OF GIANTS

And Other Travel News of Interest

BELGIUM offers in the wide sandy playground of its coastline a very strong inducement for the holiday-maker, and its glorious old cities have a strong appeal to those with a well-developed travel instinct. At this time of year interest is intensified by various festivals and local events peculiar to the country, and for us they make valuable additions to the treasury of travel experience.

At Ath, a pleasant Walloon town some 30 miles from Brussels, on the line to Paris, the Pageant of Giants, famed in the world of folk-lore, will be held during the week-end August 26–27. When the great bell, "Honorine de Pontoise," peals on the Saturday afternoon, the grotesque characters are on the move visiting the townspeople and parading in front of the town hall. On the following day the giants appear in a pageant which draws people from all parts of the country.

Other places with pageants of giants are Grammont (August 27) and Termonde (August 31). The Grammont pageant was instituted more than 400 years ago, and the pomp of those days is perpetuated. Fancy dress groups from the guilds and institutions of the town take part. Grammont, by the way, has the earliest of the Flemish town charters, dating from the time of our own Norman conquest, and its particularly fine Gothic town hall is fourteenth century.

Termonde, in an important strategic position at the confluence of the Dendre and Scheldt, has no mean place in the history of the country.

Tournai.—Before leaving Belgium there is another of its pleasant old towns I want to commend to you—Tournai. Like Ath, it is on the Brussels–Paris line, but nearer the French frontier. It deserves much more attention from the traveller than it gets, although that is not insignificant.

Its origin goes back before Roman times and in the fifth century it was the seat of the Merovingian kings. The Pretender, Perkin Warbeck, was born there, and for some years it belonged to our own Henry VIII. It was in German hands for all but a few weeks of the great war, but none of its architectural links with the past suffered serious damage. Outstanding among these is the Cathedral of Notre Dame which has a central tower and four steeples and a fine position on rising ground.

The cathedral was built by the martyr bishop, St. Eleuthière, and when the town was stricken by plague at the end of the eleventh century, Bishop Radbod introduced the Procession of St. Eleuthière which has been perpetuated on the first Sunday after the Nativity. The date this year is September 11, and the ceremony is one of unique interest and beauty.

All the places to which I have referred are reached without difficulty from Ostend, and measured in time by the Southern Railway service on the short sea route via Dover, Tournai, the farthest, is only 8½ hrs. from London.

IN NORWAY'S FAR NORTH: A Lapp mother and her papoose. These folk, who in stature are the smallest people in Europe, are of Mongolian stock though to-day they are professing Christians. There are about 100,000 of them wandering over the plains of the Arctic Circle

Kreuznach.—Wine must inspire a lot of travel in the course of the year and I have a vintage envy of those whose duties take them to the old chateaux of France, to the wine districts of Germany and other countries.

There is an international congress which assembles in a different country each year: Lisbon last year, Paris during the Exhibition in the previous one, and next week the charming little town and spa Kreuznach on the Nahe will be the meeting place.

The valley of the Nahe is one of the most charming wine-growing districts of the Rhineland. The river joins the Rhine at Bingen, which is considered the most romantic part of the great waterway. Kreuznach is noted for its roses and nightingales, and is well placed for innumerable excursions. The wild, wooded district known as the Hunsrück is not far away. It contains the highest point in the Rhineland, the Erbeskopf, over 2,600 ft.

Angers.—The old Breton city, formerly the capital of Anjou, has been in our minds of late with the unveiling of the monument in front of the Hôtel Dieu commemorating its association with the Plantagenets. In December, 1154, Henry Plantagenet, Comte d'Anjou and Aquitaine, Duke of Normandy, received in Westminster the crown of William the Conqueror and became Henry II of England. His father, Geffroi le Bel, however, was the real founder of the dynasty, having married Matilda, daughter of Henry I, and this union transmitted her right to the throne to the Counts of Anjou.

The main hall of the Hospital Saint-Jean which was founded at Angers by Henry II is considered a masterpiece of the first period of Gothic style, with lofty vaulting. The hospital is now the Musée Saint-Jean.

The castle of Angers is one of the largest fortresses in France. It has seventeen massive towers surrounded by deep moats. The cathedral, dating from the twelfth century, is a good example of early Gothic architecture and contains many artistic treasures.

Skopje.—The chief town of southern Serbia is a very interesting one for the traveller, and is a good centre from which to explore that part of Yugoslavia. It is divided by the river Vardar and is a junction on the railway from Belgrade to Thessalonika.

It dates from Roman times, but for six centuries it was under Turkish rule and the bazaar and numerous mosques preserve that impress in a marked degree. The visitor will appreciate this feature of the place. In the cathedral are some very precious fifteenth-century carvings.

The town is dominated by the Sar Mountains and one very fine excursion through them takes you to Ohrid on its shining lake. Others are through the defiles of the Vardar to Demir Kapija (Iron Gate), Pec, the holy city, and Kosovo Polve, known as the Field of Blackbirds, where the Turks overwhelmed the Serbians five and a half centuries ago. The country around Skopje abounds in monasteries of varying date and style, and many of them of considerable interest, where a cordial welcome awaits the traveller.

Agadir.—There are two places of this name in North Africa, one in Algeria and the other in Morocco. The latter is in the travel news again as a port of call on the cruise of the *Viceroy of India*, starting on August 26. In 1911 the German gunboat *Panther* anchored in the harbour and might have precipitated war with France. How trifling it seems now when each day is quite capable of producing a crop of "incidents." The little affair, however, left the name fixed on minds which have any consciousness of pre-war days, and now we find it revived in the interests of a peace holiday.

PERCHED BETWIXT SEA AND SKY: This is the sun terrace at the Capri villa where Gracie Fields is now convalescing after her serious illness of two months ago

Agadir is quite an attractively-situated place, the most southerly port in Morocco. It has seen better days in the commercial sense, but they are coming back with the new harbour works. It was formerly the outlet for the important trade of the Sous valley, but when Mogador was built higher up the coast and better placed for Marrakesh, Agadir was finished for the time being.

There is a lot of interest in the neighbourhood. Agadir was probably the Portus Risadir of the Romans. Less than 40 miles away and accessible by motor coach, is Tarudant, a garden city of considerable antiquity and history, at the foot of the Atlas mountains. The route lies through the forests of Hafeia and Ademine.

Another very attractive journey is to Tiznit, 60 miles to the south. It was founded less than 60 years ago by Moulay Hassan for his expedition against the tribes of the Sous.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following are some of many replies recently sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Bahamas.—The new *Mauretania* is making a five days' cruise from New York to Nassau on September 16 which would give you some idea of the islands. The minimum rate is 60 dollars.

Piedigrotta Festival.—The date of the festival at Naples is September 7–9. I hear it will be a more elaborate affair this year than ever, and will give you a good idea of how the Neapolitans can enjoy themselves. An imposing amphitheatre is being constructed in the Piazza Principe di Napoli and the festivities include a parade of decorated floats and firework displays.

North Wales.—The G.W.R. run a land cruise over some of the route in North Wales mentioned a few weeks ago. You go by train to Chester, and then by road to Horseshoe Pass, Berwyn, Swallow Falls, Snowdon, Pass of Aberglaslyn, Criccieth, Harlech, Barmouth, Aberystwyth, Devil's Bridge, and Shrewsbury. It takes six days.

The Great St. Bernard.—You can visit the famous Hospice on the summit of the pass by taking Cook's day excursion from Montreux. The coach climbs through grand scenery to a height of more than 8,000 ft. The monks invite visitors to inspect their quarters and the dogs can be seen in their kennels. From the bronze statue of St. Bernard, near the monastery, there is a magnificent view of the Aosta valley in Italy.

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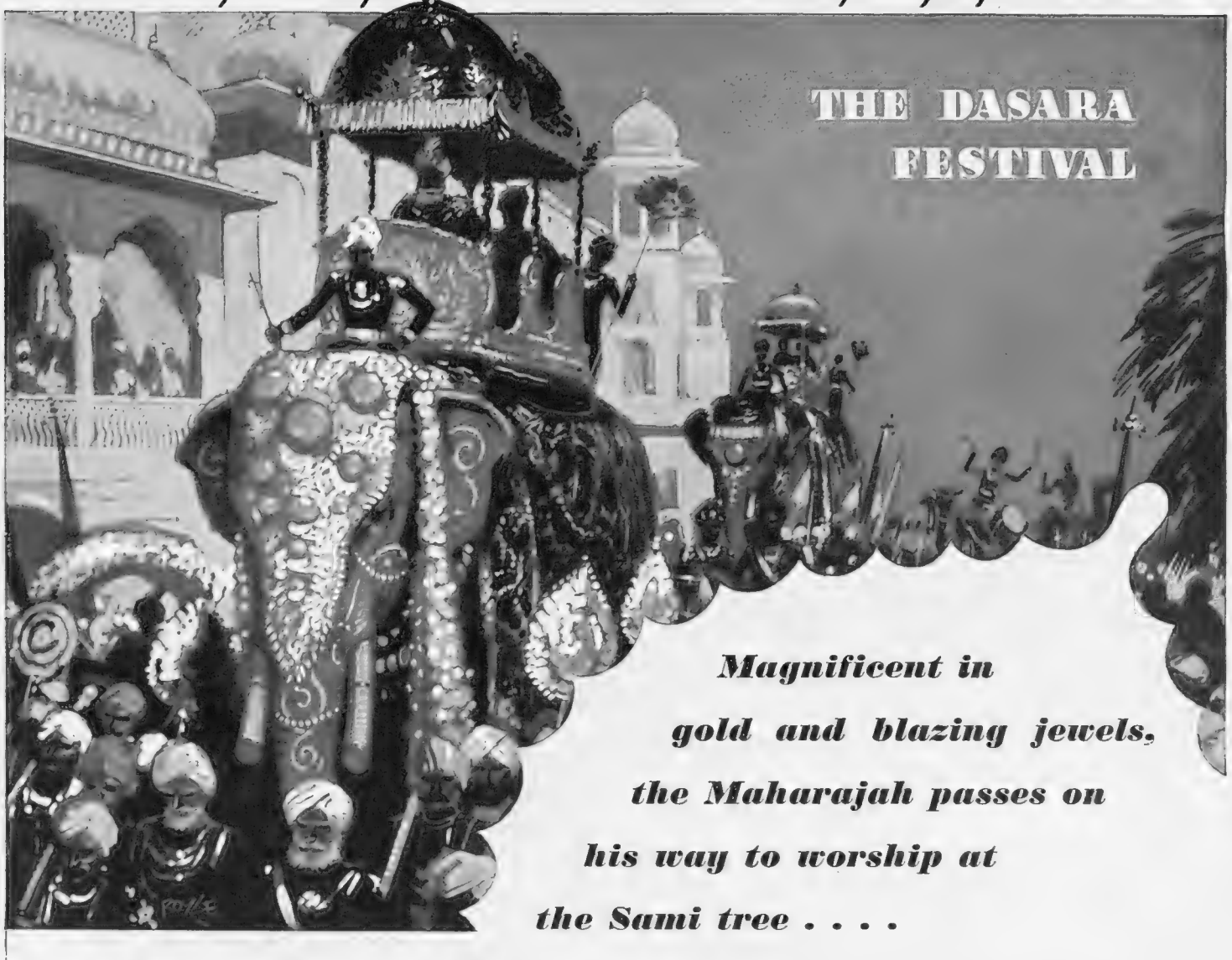

Magnificent in gold and blazing jewels, the Maharajah passes on his way to worship at the Sami tree . . . .

A hush has fallen over the densely packed crowd . . . the procession route lies dazzling white in the afternoon sun. All eyes turn eagerly towards the Palace, shimmering like a mirage in the heat, as the deep notes of the *danka* or drum of victory throb in the still air . . .

Slowly the procession comes into view; infantry with bright burnished steel flashing in the sun, vividly uniformed cavalry—their chargers so sleek that each proud flank glistens like satin—ponderous elephants in rich trappings of gold and silver studded with precious stones, glittering palanquins, flower-decked horses, countless soldiers and attendants in gorgeous liveries and uniforms. Then, amidst cries of "Vijayi Bhava, Maharaj" — "May thou be victorious, Maharaj" — the Maharajah himself passes on his way to worship the sacred Sami tree. Then, as the evening shadows fall and the worship ends, the leaves of the tree are distributed as "gold" . . . and the procession, greeted now by bonfires and fireworks, returns slowly again to the Palace. Later, feast and carnival will hold sway, and the sky will be reddened by fire and torchlight. Dasara reigns in the City!

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Keymer

THROUGH FRIENDLIEST FRANCE

(*Continued from page 274*)

what they have to say in the briefest, snappiest language. And so to something else.

At St. Jean de Luz one learnt that the year's fashionable tint was to be light bamboo, so that one should not sunbathe too long. Lots of us are past tints so that solved itself. But what a windfall all this beach business has become for the dress-makers, who now can concentrate anew each year on pyjamas, sunbathing dresses, shorts ensembles, romper outfits, and play-frocks. At St. Jean they were having sardine trouble and the fishermen had thrown 300,000 back into the sea. So in this sardine port I could not come by a favourite dish—grilled fresh sardines.

On a promontory by the frontier Bidossoa river, you see a Tricolor flying one day, and Franco's scarlet and gold the next. This signifies that French fishermen may go after the salmon one day, and Spanish the next.

At Toulouse came the record repast of the journey: foie gras, red mullet, lamb, peas and new, glorious asparagus, Coupe Jacques, and ripe Brie, all for 17 francs, or 2s. It was opposite the station. This Radical metropolis of the South gives a fair notion of Daladier's strength, though, admittedly, he has a Sarraut brother at the Interior, and the Sarrauts *are* Toulouse. Anyway, Toulouse is standing for Daladier's authoritarian rule, for his avalanche of decree-laws, for his postponement of the elections until 1942, for his relative washing out of parliamentary interference and debate, for the undisguised use the Premier is making of the "peace of attrition" to overhaul the whole machinery of State and business of governing.

Daladier is trusted, that is all there is to it. Toulouse particularly applauded his stand for the rights and dignity of the human being, as distinct from the totalitarian concept of binding him serf-like to the State.

At Montpellier, President Lebrun was presiding over the Wine Fête. This meant that we had to sleep in Nîmes. But the Fête was worth seeing: a carnival parade of wine through the centuries, culminating on the esplanade built by Louis XIV, and dominating the countryside. Montpellier was the forerunner of the Riviera, drawing the Quality from London and Brighton at the close of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth. Here, on this esplanade, Beau Nash strode (or did he?).

At attractive Nîmes I had an informative chat with one of the younger generation. He was just off to do his service, and showed 2,000 francs that he intended "blowing" on the way to his mobilisation centre. He said: "Why save money? Why not spend it? A lot of good it did our parents to save their money! They've lost most of it through successive devaluations and in Russian bonds!" Here, one hazards, may be the birth of a new French orientation towards money, not without possible effect on the national character, probably for the good. Aside from which, too much saving conducts to arterial trouble, stoppage in the national veins.

Marseilles was in the throes of being cleaned up by a commission sent from Paris, first time such action has been taken, anywhere, since the Revolution. But this vitally important second city of the country had been allowed to get into an unholy mess, of Chicagoan texture.

The intense activity visible on French highways is nowhere more conspicuous than round Toulon, *port de guerre*. Toulon would probably get it hotter than any other French town if the guns went off. Yet the inhabitants looked entirely composed. There would be a comprehensive evacuation, a complete black-out. While at Toulon, local cameramen were trying to get pictures of the relatives of the dead in the *Phénix*, out China-way.

Well, the Riviera you're tired of. I opt for the Little Riviera, round Toulon. Farther east, the human steaks were found to be lying thick and comatose as ever on the golden grill of Juan-les-Pins. With sailors of the fleet, *gare de la marine*, observing the luscious forms, observing from temple to temple. They said it was one of their favourite afternoon pastimes.

In passing, the strip from Nice to the frontier has been placed under an evacuation plan. All very charming, so we shall pass on.

Over the Alps to Grenoble in 9 hrs.; and what gorgeous scenery it is from the Col Bayard all the way down to Grenoble.

Aix-les-Bains was missing Lord Baldwin for the first time in umpteen years; and so on through Annecy, which I refuse to agree is the loveliest town in France, or anything like it; on through Geneva, and up into the Jura on the other side of the Lake. The Jura, at 4,000 ft., can be a delectable spot for a few days, especially after Riviera heat, but now it was full of children's colonies, and rightly so, but the fact pushed us down, down towards Besançon, through the Arbois country of Pasteur and *vin gris*, and the ultimate mileage of which, from Salins onwards, is as beautiful a stretch as one found. Though largely unknown.

One now felt in the Maginot ambience, and so it continued to the end at Strasbourg. Round and about the eastern frontier are over 1,000,000 men, on guard and in reserve. It has been so since March. When it will end none can tell. But if others thought to wear down French patience, sow "white war" weariness, they will find they've drawn a blank.

A TRAVELLING PUBLIC LIBRARY: This Bedford lorry is used by Kent Education Committee to take books to the Mottingham district, delivering them to people who would otherwise have to make the journey into New Eltham or Chislehurst to borrow from the free library. So popular is this scheme that in one road alone at Mottingham there are now 500 borrowers

The Petrol World

THE CAR IN AUGUST

What It Means to the Average British Holidaymaker

By A. PERCY BRADLEY
M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

We are now in the midst of the summer holidays and people with motor cars obviously turn their minds towards touring at this period. Actually, one might expect as a consequence of the disturbed political outlook that the desire for touring, particularly abroad, would have diminished, but it has not. Speaking the other day to a couple of friends, I was told that they were taking their car over to the Continent and intended motoring through a number of countries which I would have thought it was unwise to visit at this particular time. However, they did not seem the least perturbed and rather pulled my leg for suggesting that there was any unusual risk in their leaving this country for a holiday.

To check up on this touring business I got into touch with the R.A.C. whose touring department is a very efficient and knowledgeable organisation. They painted a very different picture to that which I thought they would present. First of all, I was told that despite the many factors calculated to have a depressing effect the demands on their department at the present moment were as heavy as in 1938, and when one remembers that last year was a record year for touring, one must come to the conclusion that the political situation has not had, and is not having, any bad effect whatever on the touring spirit of the average British motorist.

During the week in which I made my inquiries I was told that 10,000 itineraries have been issued to R.A.C. members who were making plans to tour in this country. Figures such as this indicate that so far as this country is concerned there is no falling off whatever in the number of people who are taking or going to take a motoring holiday in Great Britain or Northern Ireland. The West Country maintains its position as the most favoured district, but more people than ever before are going to Scotland, and Northern Ireland is likewise receiving greater attention than before.

As might be expected, the motor car is proving invaluable to friends and relatives who wish to visit men serving with the Militia or the Territorial Army and in consequence the R.A.C. Touring Department is experiencing a demand for the best routes to the various camps. A number of inquiries for evacuation routes have also been received, which shows that the realities of the present political situation have not been forgotten.

The motor caravan increases its popularity each year and a very large number of car owners are now taking their holidays under canvas. The number of inquiries relating to camping holidays and caravans keep the special R.A.C. Department which deals with the needs of this division of motorists very busy. Actually, the number of inquiries in connection with this open-air life is well above the record figure established last year. Apparently, the abnormally wet weather has not made the slightest difference for I suppose the average motorist is an optimist and when he goes through the dampness of one day clings to the hope that the next twenty-four hours will produce a welcome change in the weather conditions.

There must be a tremendous number of car owners who have never yet experienced a caravanning holiday. I have to confess that I have to be numbered in this group of inexperienced motorists. In the years gone by the motor caravan may have been attractive to a certain number of enthusiasts but the comfort which most motorists not only desire but expect was sadly lacking. The caravans, too, would have been more popular had they been more robust. Furthermore, they demanded quite an appreciable amount of power from the engine of the car in order to drag them along. To-day that has all been changed. A present-day caravan is almost a diminutive super-luxury hotel on wheels.

Just to mention one point: it is now possible to cook one's meals in an ordinary gas-cooker as is seen in the average, medium-sized house. The vehicles are beautifully fitted out, and it appears to me that the makers of the best caravans will not pass any makeshift in the equipment. All the highly-efficient fittings are specially made for their particular jobs, and they not only do their work to the best advantage, but are likewise neat in appearance and easy to keep clean. The weight of the average caravan has been considerably reduced, and really scientific design and construction has made them at the same time stronger. It is nothing unusual to see an 8 h.p. or 10 h.p. car pulling a caravan of quite respectable proportions.

A friend of mine returned only quite recently from Cornwall, where he had spent a very delightful fortnight in a caravan. The trailer was drawn from Reigate by a 10 h.p. Vauxhall. I know that the journey was completed in an amazingly short time, and the car was going just as well at the end of the return journey as when it started off for Cornwall. No attempt was made to dodge any of the formidable hills which are usually encountered in Devon, and the driver told me that drawing the caravan had very little effect indeed on the car's performance on the hills. The driver in question had had no previous experience of driving a car with a trailer, and related to me afterwards that he frequently forgot during the journey that there was anything tacked on behind. The caravan was of generous proportions and accommodated three people with lots of room to spare.

Many motorists may forget that caravans can be hired and that the charges are comparatively reasonable. I have heard car owners declaring that they would like to spend a caravan holiday but were slightly timid as to where they could plant the caravan if they had one. The R.A.C. have a special department dealing with this type of motor touring and whatever difficulty regarding sites which may have worried people a few years ago there are no difficulties likely to be encountered in these days because a very comprehensive list of caravan and camping sites has been compiled by the R.A.C. and is obtainable.

For a number of years now I have spent my summer holidays on my own motor cruiser, and although I go aboard every week-end, I never seem to tire of the change which a small boat provides. There is something unique about a motor cruiser. It may be that it possesses an individuality that one does not come across in connection with a house, an hotel, or any other place of habitation. I know many owners of cruisers who will spend hours polishing metal work, cleaning port-holes and scrubbing the decks and yet at home they would not know how to dust the table or have the slightest inclination to do so.

The water, too, is a welcome relief to the road. Not only because it is far less crowded but also on account of the friendly disposition of the people whom one comes across. There never seems to be any desire to chase after another boat to try and get ahead and very seldom is a cross word spoken. Everyone appears to be pleased to see others on the water.

Here again, I would like to point out that motor cruisers can be hired, and the charge asked is so moderate that a holiday spent afloat is within reach of almost every motorist. Very little tuition is necessary to make a motorist of average intelligence completely *au fait* with the controls.

IT'S EASY FOR THE DRIVER: On both the *Koningin Emma* and the *Prinses Beatrix*, new twin ships of the Zeeland Shipping Company operating the daily service between Flushing and Harwich, the motorist can drive straight from the quayside into a garage in the centre of the vessel. Passengers who have made the crossing on these up-to-date ships are most appreciative of the service

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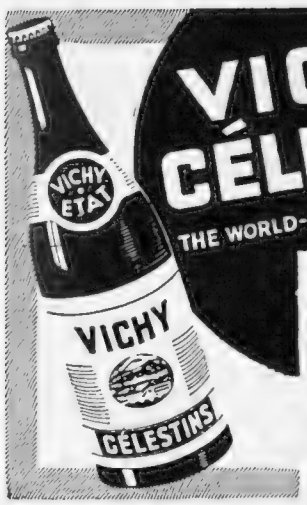

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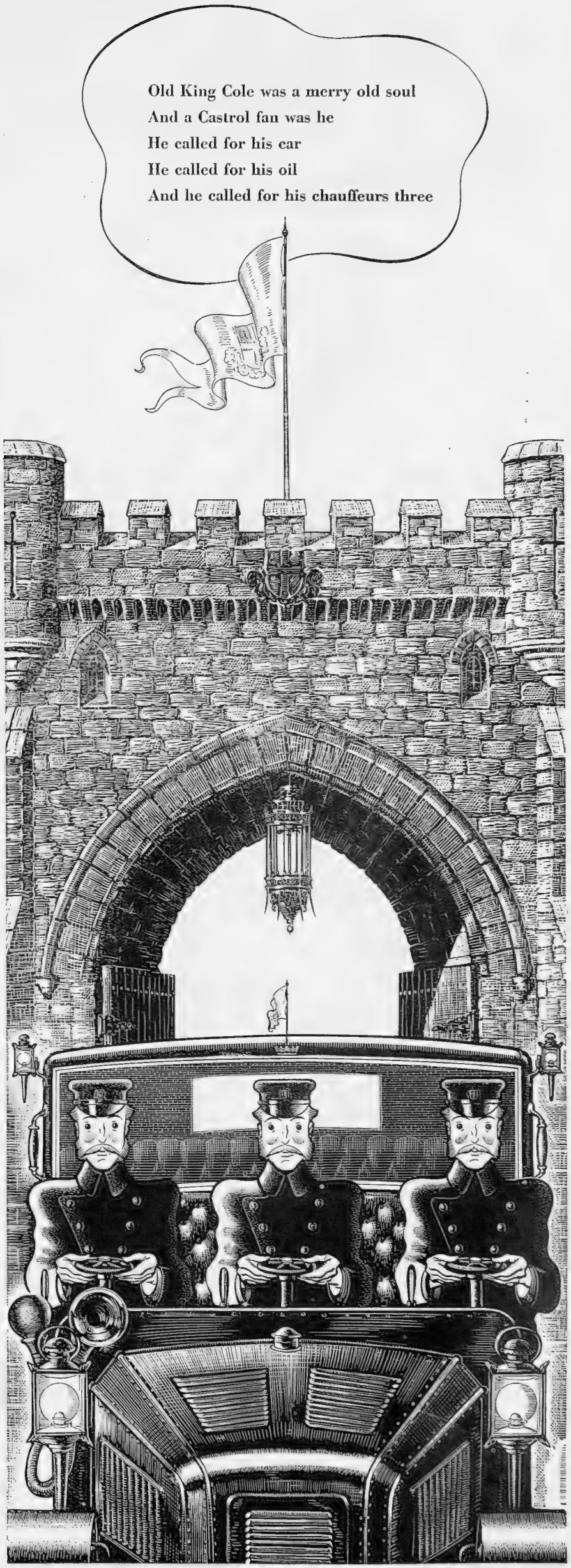

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In Quest of

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If one day you will take the London-Worthing road, you will at the foot of the Downs come to the little village of Washington.

Here you will turn up a lane just behind the Frankland Arms and you will find a cottage hotel which is as sweet as its name — Clematis Cottage. To be correct I should perhaps say Clematis, Garden and Rose Cottages, for there are three of them, which with their accompanying gardens, loggia and orchard make a perfect walled sanctuary of peace.

Here on sunny mornings—and I assure you that there are many in this part of the world—you can break your fast (Continental or English) in the paved garden and loggia in front of Clematis Cottage. During the day you can laze undisturbed in the orchard with Chanctonbury Ring to remind you that the South Downs are above and around you, and that golf, riding or walking are so close to hand when you feel like bestirring yourself.

On winter days—though remember, please, it is beautifully sheltered at the foot of the Downs—there are cosy chairs, fires to toast your toes, and at all times beds whose mattresses are most yielding, and food which is country fare at its best.

With London but 45 miles away, Worthing 7 miles and the West Sussex golf course but 3 miles, I can visualise great demands upon the accommodation at this hotel, and all the more so because Mrs. Andrewes, one of the working partners, is no amateur, but brings to Sussex all her hotel experience in other parts of the country.

Go and sample Clematis Cottage for tea one day. Even I, who no longer like sweet things, cannot resist their home-made cakes. And here is a tip: there is no better peace-offering than taking home at least one of these Clematis Cottage cakes—they have a most thawing effect!

Yet it is not everybody who wants to stay or live amidst the seclusion of the Downs. To some, shops, streets and the general sights of a town are irresistible.

Whilst one can make one's headquarters at one of the south coast towns which have the Downs as their shield from the north, there are others who

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Enfolded by the South Downs— It Has to Offer the Wayfarer

prefer the more historic surroundings of country towns such as Arundel, Lewes and Chichester. It was in the latter town that I made a new find for my collection.

Entering Chichester by the London–Midhurst road you will spot the new Ship Hotel on the left side. Like all Georgian buildings there is no great eye attraction without, but within by clever colour schemes of walls and furnishings, the Ship can without undue exaggeration be described as the last word in Sussex hotel development. There is a quiet restfulness about the place — nothing seems to have been overlooked.

The lights in the right place; flowers; plenty of up-to-date periodicals in the lounge and the smack of the sea is featured in many ways. Every bedroom is named after one of the old clipper ships. There are shoals of fish swimming about in the many bathrooms—on the oilskin curtains, I should hasten to add! There is a compass point inlaid in the entrance hall and to remind one that Chichester is not only a county and cathedral town, but still has a harbour which is the mainstay of those who are lovers of sailing.

Just as Shelley's Hotel at Lewes will take care of those who would roam the east part of the South Downs so will the Ship at Chichester now make a headquarters for those who would explore the South Downs in the neighbourhood of Goodwood. Further, as the Ship is making a speciality of "a la carte" meals, it is a place that motorists should make a note of going from London to the coast or taking the coastal road in either direction.

Whilst on this subject of the South Downs it will probably interest regular readers of this feature to know that that little model, almost "bijou," hotel Chequers at Pulborough has been discreetly enlarged since Mr. and Mrs. W. Stormont took over.

Here there is a very high standard of food, service and comfort, and with the autumn and winter coming on it may just suit those who are looking for a place of residence at terms which range as low as three guineas a week out of season.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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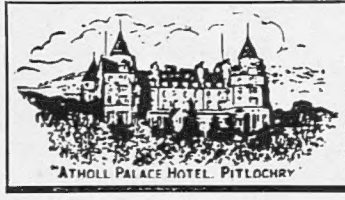

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chichester.—The New Ship Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
Cornwall.—Whitesand Bay Hotel.
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Grassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—St. George Hotel.
Harrogate.—Prospect Htl.**** R.A.C. Tel. 3015.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Moreton-in-Marsh.—Manor House Hotel.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.

(*Continued on next page*)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 292)

Roscoe marries his proud beauty and they fall a little out of love with each other. Then comes the civil war and a very natural difference of opinion on the question of abolition, but before they can decide this, the plague, the dreaded "Yellow Jack," once more makes its appearance and Roscoe's wife dies, leaving him to the gentle consolations of her sister.

Mr. Griffiths seems to have had his eye on one or two, or, to be fair, three major scenic effects in writing this book, all of which he has brought off very well, with the requisite terror and splendour and sense of tension. Occasionally he has neglected to arrange for the consequences of the disasters and excursions; for instance, whatever became of that steward? But in the main he has written a genuinely exciting, genuinely sincere novel and one that should command an excellent sale. I, for one, should be disappointed to hear that it had not fulfilled those expectations.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—ENGLAND'S SEA-OFFICERS: The Story of the Naval Profession. By Michael Lewis. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. BATSFORD.—MEN AND THE FIELDS. By Adrian Bell. Illustrated by John Nash. 8s. 6d. GEOFFREY BLES.—FURTHER MEMORIALS OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON (1901–1938). By J. B. Atkins. Illustrated. 50s. BELL.—OLD FURNITURE FOR MODERN ROOMS FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REGENCY. By Edward Wenham. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. BLACKIE.—SUFFOLK SCENE. By Julian Tennyson. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. CELLULOID SAFARI. By Stirling Gillespie. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. "G. P.": The Experiences of a Post-War Doctor. By G. K. Rainow. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—YOUNG DOCTOR. By Elizabeth Seifert. 7s. 6d. THE ABBOT'S HEEL. By Neil Bell. 8s. 6d. LITTLE TIN GOD. By Frank Tilsley. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN. By John dos Passos. 8s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—EUROPE—GOING, GOING, GONE! By Count Ferdinand Czernin. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. CAN I HELP YOU, SIR? By Ethyle Campbell. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—THE DEVIL TO PAY. A play by Dorothy L. Sayers. 5s. THESE POOR HANDS. By B. L. Coombes. 7s. 6d. THE VERNON MYSTERY. By H. C. Bailey. 7s. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—THE TRAIL OF OPIUM. By Margaret Goldsmith. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—HUNTSMAN, WHAT QUARRY? By Edna St. Vincent Millay. 6s. INSIDE ASIA. By John Gunther. 12s. 6d. NATURE'S CAVALCADE. By J. Oliver Wilson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HARRAP.—FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT. By Twelve British Journalists. Edited by Wilfrid Hindle. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE MYSTERY OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—By George Dyer. 7s. 6d. I BELIEVE, NUMBER EIGHT: The Way of Belief. By S. C. Carpenter. 5s. WATER MUSIC OR A FORTNIGHT OF BLISS. By Sir John Squire. 10s. 6d. DOUBLE ENTRY. By Constance Rutherford. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—STRONG MEAT. By Dorothy L. Sayers. 6s. HUTCHINSON.—HUTCHINSON'S STORY OF THE BRITISH NATIONS. Edited by Walter Hutchinson. No. 1. 7d. LAIDLAW & LAIDLAW.—WYNDHAM LEWIS THE ARTIST FROM "BLAST" TO BURLINGTON HOUSE. By Wyndham Lewis. Illustrated. 15s. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—OURSELVES AND THE PRESS. By Peter Hood. 7s. 6d. LONGMANS.—FRANCE. By Wladimir d'Ormesson. 6s. ITALY. By Camillo Pellizzi. 6s.

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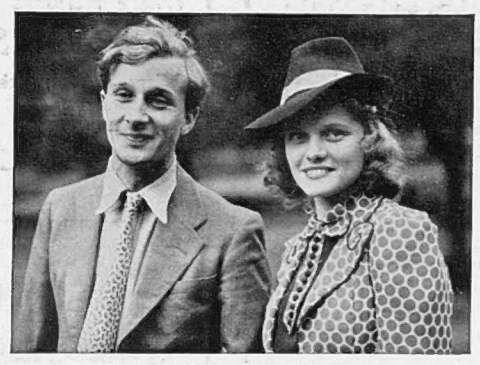

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS—*continued from previous page.*

ENGLAND—*continued.*

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Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

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Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1446
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel. S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.

SCOTLAND—*continued.*

Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Oban.—The Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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